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The Innis Herald



EDITORIAL

Sleeping with the Enemy

I don't know much. I know a little about everything, a lot about some things and not nearly as much as I'd like to know about Keanu Reeves. Such is my lot in life. These are the sad realities I must face each and every morning as I roll out of bed and into the Herald office.

It may seem to you that knowing a little about everything is enough. Jack of all trades; master of none. (Jill of all trades; master of none?) However, I have a responsibility. That responsibility is to bring the news to the people, to inform, to educate, to beat people over the head with a two by four until they get the message into their thick skulls. Actually, that's not really true. We resolved that issue last month when I revealed to the flabbergasted millions that the Innis Herald is not a newspaper, and henceforth I have no obligation to publish any news or substantiated factually whatsoever. This is to me a pacifying concept.

Withersoever and be that as it may, in order to publish something, that is to say, to get those ideas and glittering morsels of wisdom out of your heads and onto the

printed page, in other words, to make that piece of art, journalism, literature or some kind of permutation/combination thereof, accessible to the general public, one must rely on the kindness of strangers. The strangers in this case, that is to say this issue of the Innis Herald, in other words, these very pages which you are now holding in your sweaty little hands, consisted of a carefully chosen fusion of friends, relations and members of the Varsity Staff.

Horror upon horrors.

Could this editorial be a defense of that most abhorrent source of embarrassment to every man, woman, and child who ever walked the gilded paths of truth and knowledge? Is it possible that I might proceed to praise that hated albatross which hangs so precariously around our collective student neck? Would I be able to hold my head high around campus in general and Innis in particular, if I were to try and justify the heinously P.C. behaviour of those odious individuals who hide behind a flimsy, paltry no good very bad newspaper we call the Varsity?

No. In truth I find the Varsity gets just a little too far under my lily white skin to please me. But in all honesty - do you read the Varsity? I mean do you actually read it? I don't for the most part, but then I'm not a very strong reader, as Mr Populos, my grade three teacher used to say.

The point is - every once in a while there is something appreciable to be read in the Varsity. Every once in a while there is a point being made that I agree with and I feel is worthy of my attention. Every once in a while my ears pop even though I'm not in an elevator or on a subway going very fast.

To conclude: Hatred takes up a lot of mindspace. (I believe the figure is somewhere in the fifties, if you can believe it.) So, for example, if you hate the Herald keep it to yourself. Or better yet write something that you think is good and then you won't hate it as much. And if you hate the Varsity, you're not alone. But as Mr Populos used to say, if you can't lick 'em, you don't have to hit them over the head with a shovel.

The Innis Herald

editor in your face... **Henry Frickland**
 at large... **Young Lin Chin**
 point guy to know... **And Brown**
 master of those words and documents... **Ali, Scott, Chen**
 heart of the Innis Herald... **Steve Davidson**

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IVAN FREE - BUT BUMMED

Dear Editor,

Holy Smoke! No sooner I get out of Soviet Union of Soviet Socialists Union of Republic than there is no Soviet Socialist Union of Socialist United Soviet Union. So I get letter from Jim Sheddin saying he is still underdog but no edotor no more! Wow! Upgravid in your faces or what! No wonder no bag of rizzuz Colombian red from Fuzz. Fuzz no work at an Innis no more! Innis Pub maybe going to close down despite quality location! And who be left? Innis squirrels! I warn and want to know a veil and look what happen! John Browne disappear on "sabbatical" 'Hah! John Browne last year was secretly Innis squirrel plotting to destroy pub. Here is Innis squirrel redact plan:

1. Replace John Browne with Innis squirrel.
2. Give Fuzz fancy job at Devo to get out of way.
3. Hire Innis squirrel as Pub Manager.
4. Say "No Smoking" at Innis Pub.
- 4b. Send "John Browne" (hah!) on "sabbatical".
5. Lose all customer regular who were smokers at pub who spent money and hang around playing cards and buying things (and smoking).
6. Customers, no manager says "Hey, no squirrel, no money, raise prices!" (The squirrels call "sound fiscal policy!")
7. Even less people come to pub to pay dollar for can of Coke they can get at Becker for 80 cents.
8. Bring paw as how Pub not making money. (When squirrels knew was carefully designed plot to destroy pub so promotion to upper echelons of Simcoe Hall can happen for squirrels and U. of T. can squirrel administered.)
9. Close pub. (Goodbye cheap beer, rock n' roll and meat patty with green dye.)
10. Bring in outside people to serve food and sell drinks for same price as now.
11. Pat self on fuzzy back with paw.
12. Go crazy on Innis Green chasing each other and spread evil. You laugh, but after ten years in Moscow, your Moscow correspondent know bureaucratic corruption when look at it. This make five year plan look like long term indemnity plan with option galore!
- You want keep pub open? Hah! Innis student don't give damns. And soon be eating Mcburger and all non-smoker vegetarian who turn Innis Pub into desert wasteland be bitchin about that thing! And Innis squirrel be laughing all way to tax bank cushy job nest in tree when real John Browne get back and for sale sign on pub door. No more small milk for him! (Where new residence gonna eat? Hah! Varsity Restaurant or New College.) Remember motto of Innis squirrel: Never plan ahead or might do something right. And store puns in fall.

yours in new sportcoat.

Ivan Czegledy

AM I A MAN?

Hh.

I get the impression that you guys don't get a lot of response to the writing that gets printed in the Herald so here I am. The "I am not a Man" piece seems to me to be reflecting a genuine desire to be connected with the feminine consciousness (that is slowly but surely emerging!) by denying your "maleness"

and rejecting the myths that the White Male System has set up for us all. It's very cool to see a white male question the system that ultimately is designed to work for him only if he chooses to play the performance game of success, of knowing everything (or at least acting like he does) and being superior to anyone who is not white and male.

Women's Reality by Anne Wilson Schaef is a most excellent book that can help women and men understand our culture that is based on the white male system and is great for those seeking alternatives to it. Plus it really helps define the differences between what it's like for a woman to live in the WMS and for a male also and how it fucks up our relationships and causes so many problems. I'm just starting to learn about this myself and if anything it's life affirming and things are becoming a lot more clear. Well, that's all!

Sincerely,
Cynthia Macri

Blitz sez:

Thank for the letter , but I
have a few quibbles.

1) I'm not denying my "maleness", but rather my manliness. "Male" is an anatomical term; "man" is gender.

2) You're kind of harsh on white males. Yeah, most of 'em aren't the sort of people I heavily dig, but then again I could say the same for most black males, oriental males, white females, etc. why don't we drop the labels and say that the system we have - the Deathkultur - sucks, because it encourages dominance and hierarchy and discrimination? I mean, would things be any better if black women ran things? I doubt it. If the underlying attitudes didn't change, and to suggest otherwise is - ahem - pretty sexist and racist. if you ask me.

3) I don't want to be connected to the "feminine consciousness" any more than I want to be connected to the "masculine" one. I want to take the best parts of both and use them to become a better "human". (Is that a word yet?) I'm sorry to appear so harsh, it's just that your letter points out a lot of what bugs me about what I know of feminism (which isn't nearly enough, but life is short...): the ever present temptation to, having pledged to fight pro-male sexism (perhaps the most worthwhile battle going), and slip into pro-female sexism. It's a thin, tricky line to walk, but you can't make peace by killing and you can't stop sexism by being sexist. Remember that none of us created this system, and while it does hurt females more than males, ultimately it fucks up everybody. And it is thus in everybody's interest to trash it, starting - of course - inside yourself.

Love and Revolution.

Blitz:

OPEN LETTER

To Richard Stirling Robinson.

You are hereby served this notice of the search for Tony and George for the purposes of investigating any changes in their anal viscosities. Please reply. Failure to comply... well, you know.

Joe
The Notice Server
Circus Wellbeing International

DEAR PRUDENCE

Dear Prudence,

I'm being followed
by a moonshadow moonshadow
moonshadow.

Signed,
Unhappy

Dear Unhappy

There are several solutions to this predicament of yours. You could start with these suggestions.

A. Start walking around during the day. Although, I guess then you would be followed by a sun shadow.

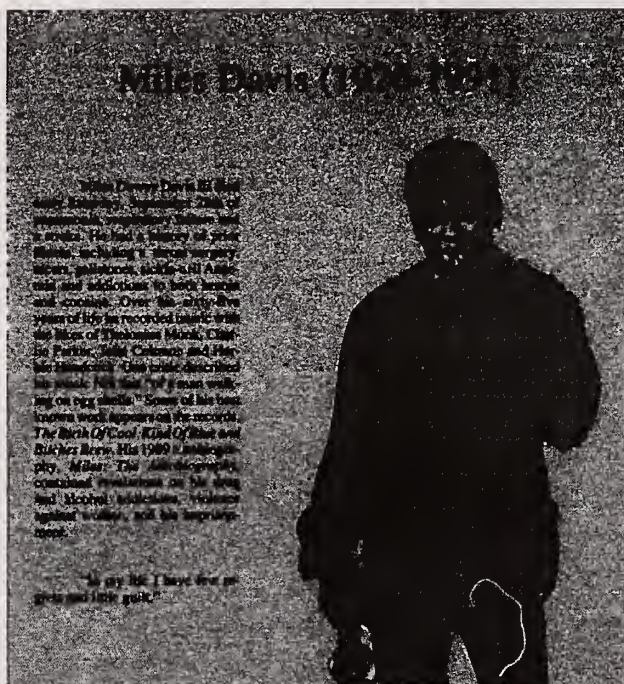
B. You could appreciate the fact that you're not a Siamese twin because then you'd be followed by two moonshadows, which would be a real drag.

C. You should be happy knowing that you'll never be alone. Maybe the moonshadow is just lonely and wants a little company. Why don't you think of the needs of others once in a while.

Change your attitude. Be an optimist. You should be leavin' and boppin'.

As always,
Prudence.

Please send any questions, comments, complaints, combustible items to Prudence care of the Innis Herald.



THE LEATHER UPPERS: A CLASS ACT

Tina Cooper

If you're like many people in this small metropolis we call home, you're probably mighty sick of the local music scene. Well folks, things are looking up. There's a new band in town and they're ready to put a little rock in your socks. The *Leather Uppers*. Greg and Craig, (hey, they rhyme), a two piece band that's a little different with a whole lotta class. I went to see them play at the Niagra Café last Saturday night. The crowd of about fifty were taken by surprise when *The Leather Uppers* took the stage wearing blue tuxedos and boyish smiles. The "kids", somewhat scrappy, mostly drunken, seemed to give the *Leather Uppers* the old thumbs up, as I heard one group agreeing: "Hey, these guys are funny!" Greg and Craig graciously agreed to be interviewed for the *Herald*, and I urge you to show up at their next gig and give these personable guys your support.

I talked to the *Leather Uppers* in the very comfortable setting of Greg's apartment. I think you will learn a lot about these guys and their band by what they had to say. I must admit that there was a need to simplify a little, since Greg and Craig are perhaps so unified that they tended to answer questions together... (Oh, by the way, T stands for me.)

T: I want to start off by saying that you guys look great in your tuxedos. Not many bands get dressed up these days, in fact it's usually the opposite, so why do you wear tuxedos?

C: I don't believe in the casual dress of a lot of these bands today. When you go on stage, it's important to look good...

C&G: for the kids!

C: We like to dress up as nice as we can.

T: So do you always wear tuxedos?

C: We also have other matching outfits that we're not at liberty to discuss right now. We want to keep them as a fresh surprise for our fans. **G:** We like to wear matching outfits so that when we're on stage, people can get a sense that we're really together, unified, I guess.

T: I've seen your stickers about town sporting a diamond logo.

G: Yes, that's our "Emblem of Quality".

T: So this all ties in with your tuxedo motif.

C: Exactly.

T: And now, to completely change the topic, I wanted to ask you about one of your songs which I found particularly intriguing, a song about "Mister Googley Eyes". Who is Mister Googley Eyes?

G: Mister Googley Eyes is actually a kind of embodiment of, or a tribute to every kid, be they a boy or a girl, who wears glasses.

C: Especially thick ones.

G: I just say "Mister" cause it rhymes.

T: So you have an inner sympathy for kids who wear coke bottle glasses?

G&C: Yes.

T: Do either of you wear glasses?

G: I do, but only when I'm driving or watching movies. By the way, I'd like to add that Mister Googley Eyes is also a song about inner strength.

To quote: "Mister Googley Eyes, You've got to hold on, Mister

Googley Eyes. You've got to be strong".

T: So, who wrote these lyrics?

G: I write most of our lyrics, but Craig wrote the words to our soon to be hit, "One Eyed Girl".

T: At your show, you played mostly originals, but I did notice a few covers.

C: Well, out of about twenty songs, three or four are covers.

G: We do the covers to keep the kids happy.

T: What covers do you do?



C: We cover "The Facts Of Life" theme from that super T.V. show that we all know and love and we also do "WKRP". **T:** I guess you guys really like T.V.?

G: We really like Alan Thicke's writing.

C: Yes, he wrote "The Facts Of Life" theme and also the theme to "Different Strokes" which we're working on.

T: Twenty songs, that's a lot. You guys have only been together for how long?

C: Two months.

G: No four.

T: There seems to be disagreement.

C: Well, I didn't feel I was in the band for the first while...

G: In a two piece band...

C: But now everything is just fine. **T:** The *Leather Uppers* is not the first band you two have played in together though is it?

C: No, we've actually both played in many fine bands, some together and some not.

G: We both were in a band called KOK, (with two dots over the "O") and the second "K" backwards), and also a band called *Meatwagon* which took the city by storm a few years ago.

T: But it wasn't just the two of you. **C:** No, KOK was a five piece luxurious band, and *Meatwagon* also had other members besides us.

G: *Meatwagon*, I'd say, was our biggest underground alta-metal (alternative - metal) success.

T: If *Meatwagon* was "alta-metal", how would you describe the *Leather Uppers*?

G: That's tough.

C: The *Leather Uppers* is more of an honest...

G: Surfy...

C: Down home, rock and roll, shake your booties...

G: I'd almost call it electric folk.

Wouldn't you agree with that Craig?

C: No, I would not. I don't like any folk music. (I wouldn't know how to describe it either, maybe minimalist funky surf???)

T: Let's pass on classification then and just leave it up to your fans to decide. I hear that you are releasing a single.

G: Yes.

T: When is that going to come out?

C: Around Christmas time.

G: And it will be in local stores that sell alternative music.

T: Like *Driftwood* or *Vortex*?

C: Exactly. And we recorded it on campus, at CIUT.

T: Is your hit, "One Eyed Girl" on your single?

C: Yes, it's our lead off track.

T: So there are more than two songs on your single?

G: Yes, six.

T: Your songs are generally short then.

C: The philosophy of the *Leather Uppers* is instant gratification, instant music. We write songs, learn them the same day, and are ready to play them the next. The point is to eliminate the middle man, which I guess would be the bass player, if we had one.

T: I guess it's easier making decisions with just the two of you.

G: A lot easier!

C: I don't know how we got anything done when we were in bands with three other people.

T: You guys pretty much share too, I mean, you take turns playing drums and playing guitar and singing.

C: Yes we do. We're multitasked, although Greg does most of the singing.

G: We like to be as unified as possible, not just our outfits, but our whole style and stage performance.

T: Speaking of performing, I'd like to close this interview by asking about any upcoming shows.

C: We have many in the works but so far, the only confirmed date we have at this time is for a gig in London, Ontario during Thanksgiving weekend, October 11 and 12.

G: At a place called The Brunswick Hotel, not to be confused with Toronto's Brunswick House. I've never been there but Craig has.

T: How did you swing a gig in London? On reputation alone?

G: Our stickers got us the gig!

The *Leather Uppers* will be playing at the Brunswick Hotel in London, October 11 & 12.

Look for flyers announcing local dates soon!



How I Got Screwed This Summer

Chris Hunter

First things first: the shows.

This summer I saw BTO. An amazing concert. Mr Bachman really means it when he says "Rock is my life." Ray Charles was good, too. I've heard that he always is. I liked the sexual innuendos. The Doobie Brothers put on a great show playing all the classic tunes, but the crowd was so lame they kinda killed the feeling. Lynyrd Skynyrd fucking blew away the crowd of crazed, tattooed badasses who showed up at Kingswood for the "reincarnation" (appropriately put, I feel) of Southern Boogie. If anyone was there, I was the chick down front and center on the guys' shoulders during the thirty minute performance of "Freebird". 'Nuf said. Thanks Jon.

I'd to thank Dave, my concert buddy, who went to Red Stearn without me (and with Steve), because I couldn't make it back for the show. What a trooper. Anyway, now we've come to the serious stuff.

This summer, my friends and I got ripped off, and I'm worried about you, dear reader. Yeah, it could happen to you. This "big business" bullshit that's wormed its way into the music industry ever since the sixties, has gotten way out of hand. You can't even stand on your fucking chairs anymore without some big eunuch on steroids pounding the shit out of you.

Well, I'd bought tickets to see "Operation Rock 'n' Roll" because my favorite band is Motorhead. My two best friends travelled over a hundred miles and even got lost in Toronto and fucked up the transmission on their old T-bird, just to see this band. There were three or four other shitty bands on the bill, but I can only remember that Cooper and Priest were two of them...

Actually, seeing Halford knock himself out on that prop almost made it worthwhile, but I'm getting ahead of myself.

I heard a rumour two days before the show, that Lemmy (Motorhead's lead singer, in case you didn't know) had fallen off stage and broken some ribs. I think a friend heard it from MuchMusic first. I

admire Much. They're on the fuckin' ball. Unlike the promoters Q107. I like the station but sometimes I think they've got their heads up their asses, or something. I kept calling them and asking them about the rumour but they didn't know nothing. And I even called the ticket outlet. Same deal.

So we went down to the CNE, and we found out for sure while the concert was in progress that Motorhead wouldn't be playing and we couldn't get a refund "because they weren't a headlining band." So who was headlining? There were four fucking bands playing and nobody fucking specified that so and so was headlining. When I went to see the Doobies at Kingswood, Joe Walsh was s'posed to be opening, but he didn't show, and yet they had a big sign saying you could get a refund. C'mon, CNE! That is the most bullshit policy I've ever heard! It's nobody's business who I paid to see - if the promoter don't deliver what they promised, you should get your money back. Especially in a totally fucking nebulous situation like this one, where four bands are playing.

I just wanna make sure Innis readers know how easily promoters and sponsors can screw you over. Last time Motorhead played, if you bought tickets and wanted a refund because Motorhead cancelled, they charged a five dollar service charge. What kind of shit is that? If you didn't get to see a show, they shouldn't be able to keep your five bucks. It's "buyer beware" in the nineties. Hell, soon they'll drag you out if you try and dance. Those fuckheads.

Incidentally, the show was sponsored by Coke and Molson's. So I'm drinkin' '50' for the next little while...

See you next 'ish with an Archelus review, maybe a review of a classy Toronto musical, and Rush at Cops. Sorry about the trade, but it had to be said. Maybe I'll get an interview with a prominent Q107 personality for next time, though after this article I'm not really too sure...

Sanctuary of Free Expression

Wet Lounge

At twelve noon on January fifteenth, 1987, a new presence emerged on the Southern Ontario and Northern New York State FM dial. On that day, the most powerful campus/community radio station in Canada, CIUT currently airs eighty daily and weekly shows with two hundred hosts, all of whom are volunteers. CIUT's volunteers keep the station on the air twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, and produce radio programs that provide a real alternative to those offered by most other radio stations. The station fills its airwaves with a blend of news, educational and community programming and, of course, music. Virtually anyone can participate, especially U of T students. The only prerequisite is enthusiasm.

Music programming on CIUT is genuinely deconstructive. The setting is a familiar one - radio. Behind the microphone are fanatics, people with a genuine, informed interest in a vast range of music which thrives on its differences. Live music, originating from the station, has given local and international bands the opportunity to be heard by the masses.

To get a look at the wide variety of musical and spoken word programs, get the new edition of the CIUT-FM program guide. For more information on CIUT-FM and its programs, as well as the next orientation meeting, call 595-0409, or come down to the station at 91 St. George St., just across from Roberts library!

Interview with Courage of Lassie

John Anderson

Courage of Lassie is playing at Hart House's Tinderbox club on October 10. When I called the band's Ron Nelson to ask for an interview, I was not expecting to hold one immediately. But Ron had just finished dinner and a half bottle of wine, and was in a talkative mood. I did not have to say much.

Before I get to Ron's insights and ramblings, here is some background. Ron Nelson and Maddy Schenkel met in Vancouver in 1981 and released a mini-album under the band name Magic Dragon. They became Courage Of Lassie in 1984, with the release of their cassette, *Threshold of Hearing*. This cassette was followed by the albums *The Temptation To Exist* in 1986, and *Sing or Die* in 1989. The band now consists of Ron Nelson (guitar, percussion and vocals), Maddy Schenkel (guitar, keyboards, auto-harp, vocals, percussion), Rod Booth (violin, accordion, cello, percussion, vocals), Rachel Melas (bass, percussion), and Connie Nowe (sound technician, percussion). They are now living in Toronto.

Sing or Die features moody personal music very reminiscent of Leonard Cohen. Many of the songs are covers, including songs by John Fogerty, Conway Twitty and Sonny Bono. Others are traditional folk songs.

The band recorded the album on Canada Council grants when Ron moved to Montreal. He admits that the album is "stiff", since none of the musicians were in the same room at once during its recording. *Sing or Die* is like a "charcoal sketch", and their next album will be in "full colour", meaning in a more uptempo, jazzy style. They will feature some of the next album at the concert.

Much of the concept behind Courage of Lassie was inspired by Canadian composer Murray Schaefer's book *The Tuning of the World*, which looks at noise pollution in different parts of the world. It was one thing which convinced Courage of Lassie to move toward quieter music.

Courage of Lassie has played with such acts as DOA, 54-40, the B52's, the Police, Blur, and New Order. Ron has done "the whole gamut" of musical styles before he moved to folk music for "philosophical reasons". What reasons were they exactly? Folk music is understandable. Ron was involved in the punk movement, and unlike punk, you can understand what folk singers are singing. Ron has "no time to fool around"; he wants to communicate to his audience, and folk music, being intimate and honest, is best way to do that, according to him. Most modern is "mindless shit", he says. When he started in the business, punk was on the side of the natives and women; nowadays it is fascist. I don't exactly agree, but I assume he's referring to the use of violence by thrash and hardcore bands.

Ron is a quarter native, and mentions the meeting of elders at the University a few weeks ago. Says Ron, "if there's going to be a revolution, it will be by the natives - no one else would bother."

This starts Ron reminiscing about the sixties, where everything was cheap, including drugs, everyone got laid all the time, and saw all the big acts when they were just starting out (Hendrix, Dylan, Van Morrison, Led Zeppelin, and John Lennon at Varsity Stadium!). Nowadays you have to go to stores for fashion and all the rich kids are pretending that they're hippies. He is so enthusiastic about the great times in the sixties - "drugs were so much better then" - that I wonder if he's having me on. I give him the benefit of the doubt.

Ron parts with a few words on the major Canadian cities. Vancouver is the best, of course; music and art work together. One can walk a few miles away and be in the mountains. Montreal is very laidback because it is so corrupt. Toronto has a healthy music atmosphere but it is too uptight. And "Ottawa is death."

Those are the main points of our talk. Show up on October 10 for a literate, funny, and fascinating evening.

Van Halen - For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge

For all those idiots that sit awake hours upon hours each night praying for a David Lee Roth/Van Halen reunion, I have two things to say. First, get a life. Second, screw it. If you haven't noticed, Van Halen is a much better group with Sammy Hagar. Roth was very colourful and flamboyant, but Hagar gives the band great vocals and expanded musical prowess. The new album, *For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge* launches the group into the nineties with a vengeance.

As the title suggests, there is a ton of sensual lyrics found throughout the album. "In and Out", "Poundcake", "Pleasure Dome" and "Spanked" are just some of the tracks that showcase the sexual content, which has been a Van Halen trademark for years. The song "Man on a Mission" arouses interest by containing the line, "Spread your wings and open wide". Man Alive!

The new release is a product of great production. In the past, the talent of Alex Van Halen (drums) and Michael Anthony (bass) was shoved into the background to give Eddie Van Halen's guitar room to move. Even though Eddie is still smiling along, there are other notable aspects to the album. Alex, possibly the best rock drummer today, is able to blow the listener

away with his great talent. Michael supplies a steady, at times flashy bass line. For a great example of the two working together, listen to "Pleasure Dome" for the complex drum track and jazz style bass. Also, Sammy Hagar's vocals have never been stronger, screwing from track to track, especially on "Man on a Mission".

Simply, *For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge* may be the best album Van Halen has ever done.

Favorite cuts: "Man on a Mission" and "Pleasure Dome"
Rating: A

The Eric Gales Band — *The Eric Gales Band*

What a rock album! The sixteen year old guitar wizard's debut album is a tremendous showing of the youngster's talents. Eric soulfully glides from mindboggling solos to power packed riffs. Not to be overshadowed are the performances of his older brother, Eugene (bass, lead vocals, and chief songwriter) and good friend Hubert Crawford (drums). All of the songs have catchy vocals, hard melodies and all the instruments are booming. Be sure to keep your eyes glued to this group in the years to come.

Favourite cut: "Sign of the Storm"
Rating: B+

Kinsey Report - *Powerhouse*

The band has finally achieved what they attempted to do on their two previous albums. Finally, they have combined their blues and rock roots into a tight, cohesive package. Even though the lyrics are rather mundane, the material is decent. The great rhythm section of Ron Prince (guitar), Kenneth (bass), and Ralph Kinsey (drums) is as strong as ever. Donald Kinsey's gritty vocals and blistering guitar solos roll from one track to another. A solid effort from one of the brightest young blues groups today.

Favorite Cut: "Bad Talking"
Rating: B

Albert Collins — *Iccanban*

The "Master Of The Telecaster" blows the listener away left and right with his new release, *Iccanban*. His legendary style of funk and blues flows from the opening track, "Mr. Collins, Mr. Collins" all the way to the end. Collins is a perfectionist at stirring the soul by using his guitar and vocals in a way that only a few artists can achieve. The man is a living legend. Gee, can you tell I'm a big fan.

Favorite Cuts: "Iccanban"
Rating: A



THE TINDERBOX CLUB

The Tinderbox Club, in the Arbor Room at the University of Toronto's Hart House, is a new campus based showcase for live musical talent in Toronto. Most Thursdays will feature a performance by a new or little-known Toronto band, and the fourth Thursday of every month is dedicated to an open stage for amateur artists.

The bands playing at the Club vary from folk to experimental music, including ska and goth. They are a good example of music enjoyed by students on campus. So far *Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet* and *Skafu* have performed to good crowds.

Mervin Cadell is a performance artist, somewhat like Laurie Anderson, who combines spoken word with bluesy singing. Her pieces are sometimes angry, sometimes whimsical, and always very funny. Most of her work speaks against patriarchy and bigotry, and is always witty and thoughtful.

Courage of Lassie is the most well-known and oldest of the bands playing at the Tinderbox Club. It started in 1982 in Vancouver by

accomplished musician Ron Nelson. Their sound is reminiscent of Leonard Cohen, and like Leonard Cohen, *Courage of Lassie* is one of Canada's best musical acts.

The sound of *Parade* changes with each cassette release, ranging from ambient instrumentals and post-punk pop to noisy experimental sounds. *Parade* also creates work in visual and in performance art.

Although *Pure* first played in 1989, and the band has no cassette released yet, it already has a huge Toronto following. *Pure* plays the loudest, fastest, purest music in Toronto. They have been compared to Ministry, Metallica, and Public Enemy. It is rhythmically pounding, electronic, aggressive, and above all, challenging music.

Harbord Trio's self titled cassette shows off the band's excellent musicianship and beautiful treatments of traditional folk tunes from Canada, Ireland and England, as well as some originals and some jazz tunes. Don Ross, probably Canada's best acoustic guitarist, is a member

Wild Strawberries, although formed in 1989, already have a large following due to their beautiful harmonies and to the intriguing lyrics, which are both humorous and frightening. The band's sound, pop with a sometimes hard edge, sometimes folk edge, is represented well on their first cassette, *Carving Wooden Spectacles*.

Tip Splinter celebrates Celtic folk music coloured by a Maritime influence. The musicians use fiddles, bodhrans, banjos, whistle, mandola, octofone, clarinet, jews-harp, and wash-board. They are serious about keeping traditional music alive but are always lively, in performance and on their three albums.

The members of *Death Among Friends* met at the funeral of a mutual friend, and this meeting helped to inspire the name of their band (the religious implications probably helped). Their distinctive sound is textured, emotional, harsh, ominous, and, of course, goth. They are reminiscent of Cocteau Twins, Swans, and Bauhaus. They explore the dark lands of sex, religion, and

death with feeling. *surrender dorothea* was founded by accomplished musician Dave Stevenson. The singer, Reghina, is classically trained and has sung with church and chamber choirs. Her voice and love of dancing gives her an energetic presence for this hard edged pop band. They have just completed a four-track cassette.

On the fourth Thursday of every month there is an open stage where amateur artists have the opportunity to perform in a relaxed atmosphere among their friends. The open stage is based on campus and most performers are or were students at U of T. It is an excellent time to enjoy the talents of your fellow students.

The first open stage was on September 26 and featured folk musicians and a group of campus based poets. The club was full and everybody had a good time. If you are interested in performing at a future open stage, call John at 351-7015, and check out the next open stage on October 24.

J.A.

FINDING THE ROOTS OF GRASS

By Michael Khoo

In our struggle to solve our self-created ecological nightmare we often neglect to realise the ability of old practices to solve new problems. Possibly the most forgotten, or hidden, solution to many of our problems can be found in the plant we used to call hemp. There are, however, stumbling blocks to promoting this plant. Principally the fact that it has been made illegal. You see this plant can also be grown to produce a by-product known commonly as marijuana.

If produced commercially,

because of our growing demand. If 6% of the land in the U.S. was used to grow Hemp for fuel, the U.S. would become self-sufficient in its energy needs and would not have to go to war for oil under the false pretences of "Establishing democracy". This percentage would be even less in Canada. Through a process called Pyrolysis, fibers (of Hemp, wood, etc.) are heated up in chambers to produce charcoal, methanol fuel oil and acetone. The process can be geared to a certain need (i.e. Fuel oil) and has a 95% fuel to feed effi-

ciency ratio. The burning of Hemp produces virtually no sulphur, so the threat of acid rain will eventually subside if it is used.

Hemp for the Land: Hemp can be grown in marginal lands because of its root structure. It is therefore perfect for: preventing clearcuts from turning into eroding mudslides, curbing desertification, and reconditioning over-farmed soil. Since the plant is a weed it is very resistant to insects and needs virtually no pesticides (just as most of our current crops didn't until we got them addicted to the chemical way of life).

Hemp for Food: The Hemp seed contains a protein level second only to soy beans, and, unlike meats, is available in a much more digestible form. Hempseed oil (30% of the seed) is lower in saturated fats than any other cooking oil, including corn, soybean and canola. A wide variety of extracts can also be made from the pressed seed cake.

Hemp for Clothing: Cotton producers are one of the largest users of pesticides in the world, but this would be made unnecessary with the resilient Hemp. Hemp is 3 times as strong as Cotton, many times more durable, and warmer. Depending on the method of harvest it can be grown to produce cloth that feels like Silk or Canvas.

Since the viability of Hemp has been established, the question of its legal status must be addressed. There have been many long-standing arguments about the legalisation of Marijuana but I'll cover only a few basic points here. The principal reason behind the prohibition of marijuana is that it is dangerous for people's health and society in general.

Society allows people to smoke cigarettes and drink alcohol (which cause at least 1/2 a million deaths per year not to mention health costs) and likewise should be allowed to smoke marijuana which is not nearly as dangerous.

Marijuana is not physically addictive, which is unique in a drug world of such substances as Caffeine, Nicotine, Valium, Cocaine

and Crack (which are both physically and psychologically addictive). Pot does not lead to the violence that alcohol does and through numerous studies (UCLA, Harvard) no ties can be found to cancer among smokers.

Misleading propaganda puts Crack, Heroin and Marijuana in the same category, but, in truth, the only similarity between these substances is their legal status. 12% of the population uses Dope (this figure is higher among the post-secondary educated like you), and out of those people how many do you think are hooked on Smack or Coke? Take a look around, you'd be hard pressed to find the connection that the propaganda would have you believe.

The only thing stopping Pot's legalisation is a right wing reactionary fear that people go out of control when they smoke dope. Call me paranoid, but if the only reason our Government bans Dope is so that they can have control over us, it seems a slight bit fascist.

But even this is an invalid argument for prohibition of commercial strains Hemp. The Cannabis plant can be grown to have so little THC that it could not get you "high". The only thing stopping rational thought from having it's way is the overblown, overtaxing, oversimplified and misleading hype of the "War on drugs".

There are also a few historical uses of hemp that are of interest.

-The U.S. constitution was drafted upon Hemp Paper.

-Levi jeans were originally made out of Hemp for it's durability.

-In the 1860's Sears advertised "Funharness Hashish candy".

-In 1938 *Mechanical Engineering Magazine* deemed hemp "The Most Profitable And Desirable Crop That Can Be Grown". Because Hemp was so vital to the U.S. war effort, they lifted the prohibition that was placed on it in 1938 until the end of the war.

-At the turn of the century Hashish Parlors were becoming a new trend to visit, and were springing up all over the U.S. as an accepted norm.

-The smear tactics that timber industry owners used to discredit hemp included such "Gutter Science" research as "Marihuana Makes Friends Of Boys In 30 Days: Goads Users To Blood Lust" and racial slurs like "Coloreds with big lips, luring white women with Jazz Music and Marijuana...with the result of pregnancy". This was in the good old days when the devils music was a hot item. If people now don't believe the lies about Jazz Music back then, why do we still believe the Myths about Marijuana today?

The book called *The Emperor Wears No Clothes* details more about this incredible plant but it is hard to obtain. The book is banned in Canada under the Censorship act even though it gives no mention on how to "grow your own stash".

Legalising Hemp would solve two problems at once. It would give people the ability to decide for themselves if they want to use marijuana for personal enjoyment. But, it would also give our environment the break that it's literally been dying for.

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BLOOR STREET

by David Weiner

Speeding across Bloor Street I watch for opening car doors, and other sudden obstacles. I look at my cyclometer to see what my speed is, and wonder, how will time change the face of urban transportation? The use of bicycles is increasing in the relatively flat 5km radius of Metro Toronto. The bicycle is a serious means of transportation, legally considered a motor vehicle under the highway traffic act. But on the street the bicycle is considered a toy by most people who don't use one as transportation.

Timing the lights at University Avenue I pass the cars not yet under way and establish my line around the parked cars ahead. I've travelled just over a click (1km), and my legs are warming up. I can smell a cigarette from the woman in the car ahead of me. As I pass her I hear an old Jethro Tull song on her car stereo. I laugh when I hear the song is Aqua Lung. I pass the Aqua Lung and encounter the sweet fumes of a propane powered taxi. A friend at work has started to commute with a Green Screen: a mask with biodegradable disposable charcoal filters designed to filter out toxic impurities in the air. Bicycle couriers and now commuters wear them. I try and avoid breathing until I pass the taxi but the lights go red.

We sit side by side at Yonge and Bloor waiting for the lights to change. I feel the heat of the taxi rising up my legs and chest and I'm reminded of the massive proportions of the automobile. I feel naked and threatened sharing the road with this monster, not just in a physical way but in a legal way also.

In the blink of an eye I cross Church Street. East of Church cars can again park on Bloor Street and my path narrows. The usual meter and a half between the parked cars and the right lane of traffic does not exist on this section of Bloor Street. Plus the cars come to a complete standstill so I'm forced to ride through a foot wide canyon of cars. I sit up tall to spot any potential dangers such as car doors, commonly known as "the door prize". With two fingers on the front brake lever and my thumb touching the ringer of my bell, I slow to 10 km/h.

I approach Sherbourne and build up speed, from here to Broadview I'll sprint. The cars travel at a higher rate of speed here which means they will pass me doing twice my road speed. Like other cyclists I found this a scary piece of road before the new and long overpass bicycle lanes from Sherbourne to Parliament and across the Bloor viaduct (Castle Frank to Broadview), were installed.

I make the lights at Castle Frank doing twenty-eight clicks. I round the bend, bounce over the expansion joint and I'm back on the bicycle lane. Only now do I feel safe. Only now are my rights to space on the road clearly defined. But my rights are short lived, the viaduct is barely a kilometre long. I reach Broadview and turn south towards my building. My cyclometer reads three and a half kilometres from Bathurst Street. My average speed was 17.85 km/h. Maximum speed, 28 km/h. And my total trip time was nine minutes and forty-three seconds. Not my fastest crossing, but a good ride.

BIKE GOOD

It's too big, too wasteful, too expensive and it kills. Today's motor vehicle is still a monster to cities and urban centres. There are serious traffic problems in Toronto, and automobile travel is slow and aggravating. If you make good time driving you will spend more time searching for a parking space. Or, you can save time by spending money at a parking lot.

Motor vehicles are expensive to own and to operate, but they're good for the economy. Sixty percent of all the world's industry is based on the automobile. Every car will require in its lifetime and for its creation a warehouse of metals, plastics, fluids, fuel and other materials. Also, in exchange for gallons of nonrenewable fossil fuels a car returns tons of carbon monoxide into the atmosphere.

Within city limits the use of the private automobile and certain service vehicles should be discouraged. But reasonable alternatives must be provided: the federal government should channel funds into the research and development of alternative modes of transportation. We know that alternatives to the car exist, and that they are an expanding breed. i.e. Human powered vehicles: bicycles, HPVs, pedal-cabs. Small engine vehicles: mopeds, scooters, motorcycles and micro-cars.



INDEX BICYCLE SHORTS SOON TO BE MANDATORY.

We as a society are now being reprogrammed to behave environmentally. This long overdue attitude towards our ecosystem was not mainstream in North America until it became profitable. Environmentally correct behaviour is only accepted and practised when it doesn't interfere with personal income or corporate profit.

If a choice between making money or saving the environment must be made, the individual or corporation believes their own needs take precedent. But attitudes must be collective when prioritising profit making and our environment. If the earth is where we all make our money, then it makes sense that destroying the earth ultimately interferes with making that money.

So why can't we make money on environmentally correct industrial and consumer goods? Why is it such a struggle to shift economic priorities to include common sense? Why don't pigs fly? How come a horse won't lead itself to water? The answers to these and many other spine tingling questions may never be known.

-D.W.

The HERALD Needs: (Please circle one.)

- a. Writers
- b. A good swift kick in the pants
- c. Artists
- d. Editors
- e. Slaves
- f. \$2000 for a new computer
- g. Pâté

If you answered "yes" to any of the above, then go back and read the instructions more carefully. The *correct* answer is all of the above.

Festival of Festivals

by Steve Gravesstock

There were two obvious things about the 16th Annual Festival of Festivals. First: the programmers did splendid jobs; on paper this looked like the best festival ever. However, most of the filmmakers stuck to a now entrenched 90's tradition. Their work was intelligent but uninspiring, maybe even a little hollow. Gus Van Sant's *My Own Private Idaho* was emblematic. It lacked clarity and drama though you had to respect it. (I'll reserve further comment because the movie's very subtle and complex and I don't want to dismiss it unfairly; it's not really the kind of movie you can accurately assess or appreciate amidst the constant rush of a film festival.) Second: the best films and the best filmmakers seemed to be consciously avoiding contemporary subjects. Some took refuge in the 70's, the last decade where one could be politically ambivalent and avoid crucifixion. Others went further back or placed their work in a timeless vacuum. By doing so, these filmmakers all avoided ideology and foregrounded individual choices and cultural complications. They refused to simplify or schematize things. I'm not going to suggest that they avoided contemporary topics because they didn't want to deal with the bogus politicization running through Western culture right now... but then again maybe I just did. Anyway here are some of the highlights and horrors.

Isaac Julien's *Young Soul Rebels* focuses on a central 70's event, the Queen's Silver Jubilee when the Sex Pistols first became infamous. However, Julien revises the traditional view of the period, concentrating on groups that were overlooked or ignored at the time (especially by the left wing and the bohemians): blacks and gays. During the punk period, bohoh considered disco and funk anathema, the perfect example of mindless corporate culture. There was always something racist and homophobic about this view (though the only person to point this out at the time was Lester Bangs in his brilliant piece *White Noise Supremacists*) and Julien sets things right. For Cas and Chris, his two protagonists, disco and funk represent rebellion and allow them a way to express themselves. They run a pirate radio station and DJ around town.

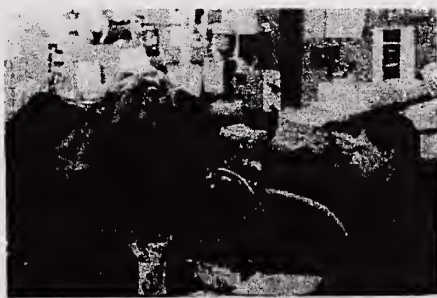
Young Soul Rebels will almost certainly be compared to Spike Lee and *Boyz n the Hood* but it never even gets close to that sort of agitprop. It recognizes rifts and complications in black culture (especially concerning gays) and between art and commerce. Cas is gay and quite happy with giggling every once in a while and cruising; Chris wants to get their show on a real station and maybe even make some money. Julien resolves these dilemmas in personal rather than political terms, through friendship rather than ideology. It's a fantasy solution, or at best a partial one, but the filmmaker is too smart to believe in programs and doctrine.



John Frankenheimer's *Year of the Gun* is about Joe Sirummi's favourite pizza joint, the Brigado Rossi. Though Frankenheimer has a reputation as a leftist (because of *The Manchurian Candidate* and *Dead Bang*, an excellent, grungy thriller he did a couple of years ago) his heart really belongs to the cen-

ter. This film documents the ethical collapse of radical leftist movements. The leader of the cell the characters become involved with is a ruthless killer, more concerned with keeping his group pure than the troubles of the masses. (He's a nascent bureaucrat.) Modelled after classic political thrillers like Costa Gavras's *Z*, *Year of the Gun* is frantic, shifty and justifiably paranoid. The ground keeps falling out from beneath you and people keep surprising you; no one can be trusted, including the callow, politically disenchanted hero played by Andrew McCarthy (whom Frankenheimer actually gets a good performance out of). The rest of the cast — particularly Sharon Stone, John Pankow and Valeria Golino — is equally good or better.

Talk 16 has a great subject. Local filmmakers Adrienne Mitchell and Janis Lundman followed five 16 year old girls around for a year recording their trials and tribulations. It's a noble project since teenagers are talked about, marketed at, but seldom spoken with. The girls were chosen to represent the broad spectrum of Canadian society. Luckily, they're too smart, too funny and too lively to fit comfortably into categories. They all come through as individuals.



Every once in a while the filmmakers lapse; they're generally rather nasty to the parents and sometimes they set the girls up for cheap laughs. There's a rather bald, ridiculous question about feminism which the girls won't or can't respond to (an incident much adored by the smug Festival audience I saw the movie with). Teenagers, as this movie shows, aren't prone to abstraction. In fact, they're very guarded about that sort of thing. It's an indication of how good the filmmakers' instincts are that this sort of incident doesn't happen too often. They let the girls set the agenda and, when they're discussing immediate issues, they explode all those myths about teenagers being empty-headed and shallow.

The two major short programs included some stinkers (Richard Paradiso's *Luoping* which had the effrontery to compare a filmmaker's minor dilemma to the Triangle Factory Fire in which many immigrant women were killed because the owners locked them in) and disappointments (Christian Blackwood's *Stephanie and the Madame* was obvious and beneath him). For the most part though both were pretty impressive. Nicole Holofcener and Adam Isidore did some very professional and witty work in *Angry and Chicksen Delight*. The Brothers Quay produced an exquisite animated piece about dreams (unlike most animated pieces it's neither precious or joyless) while Ngozi Onwurah uttered a touching, extremely personal documentary

called *The Body Beautiful* which sometimes veers too close to the schematic and easy; the intensity of the emotions always redeems it, however.

The other program was even better. For *Backyard Movie*, Bruce Weber collected his father's movies and added a written commentary. The result was an exquisite, elegiac meditation on beauty, highly reminiscent of Weber's masterpiece *Let's Get Lost*. Christopher Newby's *Relax* skillfully dramatizes the unbearable tension of waiting for HIV test results. Stephen Cummins's *Resonance*, about gay-bashing, is sometimes a little silly but it's very competently done and features some great dance sequences. The screening for Su Friedrich's weak but respectable *First Comes Love* was marred by the worst behaviour I've ever experienced at the Festival or in any theatre anywhere. The audience, unable to sit still and shut up for the duration of the film (which was only 22 minutes) shrieked and hollered throughout the second half. Some members even tried to block the projection equipment. I didn't like the film but it certainly didn't deserve that kind of reaction. I'm not hostile to audiences expressing displeasure but this was utterly ridiculous. If they couldn't sit still

and accept something that's only 20 minutes long, what the hell were they doing at a short film programme?

Martha Coolidge's *Rambling Rose* was the best film I saw at the Festival and the biggest shock. Coolidge has shown modest talent before but nothing like this. Her direction is elegant and intelligent and so is Calder Willingham's script. The film's marred by a frame that's way too obvious but this is a minor flaw.

There were a couple of bummers including Terry Gilliam's repulsive and hypocritical *The Fisher King* which revives the most ludicrous 60's romantic fantasies about madness. Kieslowski's *Double Life of Veronique* wasn't terrible but it was extremely arty. Gaspar Noe's *Carne* was an ugly meaningless piece which substitutes slaughter for ideas. (It won the best short film prize at Cannes.) The worst film I saw at the festival was Peter McMahon's *The Falls*. The film tries to use (or rather rips off) some of the techniques Chris Marker used in his unreadable classic *Sans Soleil*. In spirit, though, *The Falls* is much closer to Michael Moore's horrendous *Roger and Me*, mocking people for their bad taste as if bad taste was a cardinal sin. If this is true, McMahon's soul is doomed for sure. In one scene, while viciously slandering the people in a gift shop, he doesn't even have the integrity to record their actual words. Instead, he has actors and actresses put stupid statements in their mouths.

A CLEARCUT MISTAKE?

S. W. Erdna

I looked forward to Richard Bugajski's *Clearcut*. His last film, *The Interrogation*, was a fabulous, nasty film about life for "political prisoners" in a Polish prison. The film was impressive in its power, its sympathy for its characters, its approach to but near circumvention of prison film clichés, and its courage. Bugajski was not allowed to make another film in Poland, and eventually emigrated to Canada.

How sad, but how wonderful for us I thought. It's always the Americans who get the great emigre filmmakers: Lubitsch, Lang, Renoir, Hitchcock, Frears, Schepisi, etc. etc. Now Canada gets its own great import! (We wasted our chance with Leni Riefenstahl; some footage of Lester Pearson rallying the masses at a Nuremberg would sure come in handy now as a national unity tool.) Unfortunately Bugajski has stumbled in his first Canadian outing. The good news is he hasn't entirely lost it: there are some fine powerful scenes, he shows sympathy for all his characters, none are devils and none are heroes, and he still has the courage to make a strong assault on a system which is so rotten that simple liberal platitudes won't make it all better.

Now to the bad news. Let's start with the story (warning to purists: I'm about to give away the entire idiotic plot). Peter (Ron Lea) is a Toronto "good lawyer" who defends a native band against logging interests. He loses. For less than convincing reasons Peter winds up with angry young native Arthur (Graham Greene) who kidnaps the wealthy logging magnate (Michael Hogan), leads the two of them hither, thither and yon, bites the head off a snake, flays the wealthy logging magnate's legs, eats a spider, splatters a couple of policemen's brains all over the Canadian shield, chops off his own finger and commits suicide by walking into a lake.

What is this shit? I can see certain things must have appealed to Bugajski when he read the script, but come on Richard. Were you just so tired of the glacial pace of getting your own projects off the ground in this country that you were willing to overlook the stupidity of this story just to actually film again?

There is an irony here: in a communist country Bugajski made an anti-communist film and now that he's in a capitalist country he's made an anti-capitalist film. The bitterness of the irony is that in both cases he lost his fight (at least in the short term). In Poland he made a masterpiece that no one could see and in Canada he's made a peice of junk that anyone can see. The authoritarian communists of 1980 Poland won by banning his film and not allowing him to make another. But capitalism beat him in much more subtle ways.

First and foremost, he was beaten by corporate, deal-driven filmmaking. One suspects that there has been one too many manicured finger in the pie. One suspects that the scenes in the script were evaluated not by the demands of internal logic, nor because they develop the characters, nor the story, nor the issue, nor because they are beautiful. They certainly weren't evaluated on the basis of dialogue (which is quite bad). Each scene was obviously judged by the opportunity it provided to adhere to the shock-every-twelve-and-a-half-minutes rule.

John Hartness has noted the law of economics which states that the bigger the budget, the stupider the movie. *Clearcut* is a medium budget movie and therefore only

medium stupid. For example, let's look at the presentation of the Natives: they are neither Indian stereotypes served up straight (stupid, and today probably economic suicide), nor stereotypes smashed (smart, but too challenging for a wide audience and hence not the soundest economic decision), but stereotypes tinkered with (all around best financial strategy). So Arthur is just the latest incarnation of the noble savage, the wily Indian, the blood thirsty Apache.

Take the scene where the two white guys sneak off while Arthur is becoming one with Mother Earth. The two white guys toil and sweat down a mountain, and they make good time too, more due to the fact that they tumble and fall most of the way, than to any mountaineering skill. And just when all the people who've never seen a film before think the two are home free, there's old Arthur, clean, sweatless, not panting, just standing there like he'd been teleported.

It's not that this scene absolutely couldn't happen, it's just that it's happened so many times before, and always from the white guy's point of view. Now it's common sense that a young, healthy, reserve native would move faster through a forest than a Toronto lawyer and a pencil-necked industrialist with no skin on his legs, but how different it would be if we just saw the scene from Arthur's point of view! To have seen Arthur's run through the woods would have been a pure cinematic treat, the thrill of the virtuosos, the joy of controlled speed, the beauty and strength and fun of the athlete, and the dark delight of finally having the advantage over the people who've always told you what to do. In *Clearcut* we don't get any of this. Instead we get the wily, injured, the noble savage, and the inherent assumption that us white guys will never understand his kind.

Bugajski was also beaten by the economics of acting in this country. Simply put it doesn't pay to become a good actor in Canada, so our acting talent tends to drop out in favour of feeding their children, or move to the States, or go to Stratford and develop a strange mid-Atlantic accent. Canada does give financial reward to pretty faces (like Ron Lea) and Johnny One-Note character actors suitable for sitcoms (Michael Hogan — though I am told he can actually act; anyway he's horrendous in this). The only real actor in *Clearcut* is Graham Greene, and he is far and away the finest thing in this movie. Greene is a very charismatic actor; you can't take your eyes off him. His range is astonishing: from the outrageous clowning in *Dry Lips Oughta Move to Kapuskasing*, to his stone faced holy man in *Dances With Wolves*, to the angry man with inner peace in *Clearcut*, he has never yet hit a false note.

I realize I'm cuning Bugajski a lot of slack; after all, if Graham Greene's talent can shine through a terrible script, why can't Bugajski's? Why indeed; lots of directors have managed to make good films with one hand tied behind their backs. We'll just have to wait for Bugajski's next film before we can decide if we can acquit him of this stinker or if the ten years he lost since making *The Interrogation* have ruined him.



INTERVIEW WITH HOURS AND TIMES DIRECTOR

CHRISTOPHER MUNCH

Steve Gravestock

Christopher Munch's *The Hours and Times* focuses on the relationship between Beatle manager Brian Epstein (who was gay) and band leader John Lennon (who wasn't). A cursory description of the film may lead you to expect a fantasy about celebrity, perhaps a combination of *Almodovar* and *Doctorow*. Instead, it's a sincere drama about the friendship between an older, educated gay man and an eager-to-learn, younger straight. But it's not a gay rights polemic; it's broader, dealing with the nature of friendship — its demands, rewards, and its often transitory nature.

Hours and Times has an almost elegiac tone. It's set in 1963 not long before the Beatles broke in the U.S., when life changed dramatically for both Epstein and Lennon. Epstein, of course, died four years later.



This is only Munch's third feature but it's a very assured piece of work. His cinematography (he did everything — shooting, editing, directing, producing, and financing) is clean and precise; and he gets strong performances from both David Angus, as Epstein, and Ian Hart who plays Lennon.

At times, the movie seems a little too sincere and slow, but it's ultimately quite rewarding, offering a refreshingly modulated view of friendship. It was a real respite after the horrendously "artistic" *Came*, the movie it was paired with at the Festival. I spoke with Munch in the Sutton Place Hotel Tea Room after attending the Gus Van Sant press conference. We talked a little about films we'd seen — he's a big Agnes Varda fan — and then got down to it.

Q. What sparked your interest in Brian Epstein?

A. His clothes actually (laughs). No, it wasn't so much him as the idea of friendship. When you have a good friendship, it's a very moving thing. This one is very painful but in a good, transformational sort of way. It's very compelling for both of them. I wasn't really a Beatles fan before I became interested in the project.

Q. Did you have any particular problems with casting?

A. Well, David Angus — who plays Epstein — I met very early on in production. And once I made the decision that the way he'd portray it was the way I'd like it to be portrayed, it was easy to accept him in the role. Finding someone for Lennon was much more difficult. I approached everybody, basically, but nobody seemed to be right. Ian Davis (Lennon) was recommended to me by a casting director in Liverpool, who hadn't worked with him, but who knew his work.

Ironically, Ian was in California while I was in England casting. When he came back we hung out and became close and then it was like jumping into a stream and I did it. I'd been waiting so long — not waiting really — but I'd taken everything pretty much to the point where I was ready to begin, yet I couldn't because I didn't have an actor. The rest of it was a dream/nightmare.

I'd written the screenplay in 1988; it was done very quickly in a couple of days. There were a few more drafts after that. I went to England that spring and we shot it in August, mainly in Barcelona, in six days. I got the first print a few months later and moved back to L.A.

It took a much longer time in post-production than I'd anticipated. Though I wasn't working diligently all that time. It was conceived as a project that would go

very smoothly and not require a lot of time; it required it nonetheless. It's probably hopeless to think of things in those terms: everything has its own complications.

Q. Ian Davis looks a lot like Lennon, was this one of your reasons for casting him?

A. I was worried about that. I'd admired other performances and other productions. For example, Yoko's TV special and Bernard Hill in the BBC's *Day in the Life*. Physically, we could have done a lot more stuff to make Ian look more like Lennon. For example, his nose. He looks more like Ringo.

But, in a way, I was glad he didn't resemble him more — the closer the likeness the more closely he would've been scrutinized.

Q. Did you alter the script once you'd cast the film?

A. If the film wasn't based on actual people I would have developed the characters more with the actors.

With David, I adjusted my thinking a bit. Originally, I'd seen David in the role of the Spaniard they meet in the bar. He wasn't right for that. However, he struck me as very facile — technically. That in itself was very tempting. I'd basically worked with more American-style, more intuitive sort of actors. But David's classically trained as a stage actor.

I really liked the contrast between the acting styles. Ian was very different — all over the place, very emotional, but also very contained. David's was more of a technical process.

Q. How did you finance *Hours and Times*?

A. I didn't. I financed it myself. This method isn't very practical unless you're really wealthy, which I'm not. I knew it was a film I could make on a very small scale and it seemed important that I did it that

way. I don't ever want to make a film that way again, though it frees you from a lot of things.

Q. Did you ever think about shooting the movie in colour?

A. No. Black and white is better suited to people's mental images of the period — of the Beatles — at that time. On a practical level, shooting in black and white helped. We didn't have to spend a lot of money on art direction to get a good look.

Q. What are your plans for distribution?

A. It's only an hour so that makes it a bit difficult. Theatricality anyway, though I do think it could run theatrically. It's just a matter of connecting up with the right company to handle it. I don't have any definite plans yet though I'm going to do more festivals. The only one lined up right now is Sundance. I'm hoping to get it into the AFI Festival but I haven't received an invitation yet. They haven't really seen the movie since I only finished it about a week before I came here. This is the first time anyone's seen it.

Q. Are you pleased with the reception so far?

A. I'm pleased that the film's been effecting people the way it has.

Q. What's your next project?

A. Well, I'm preparing a film that I think I'm going to do. It's a period piece set in California about a young man who tries to rescue a railroad that's going bankrupt. He's very crazy, very obsessed with this railroad; it's kind of a Herzog type of thing about the sublimation of steel.

Q. Van Sant was asked if he was worried about being classified as a gay filmmaker. Are you concerned about being pigeon-holed because of *Hours and Times*' subject?

A. Not really. It's not really a gay film. Its applicability is fairly broad. It's unsettling that neither of these people is getting what they want. On the other hand, it's leading them to where they want to go. It's a powerful sort of longing and allows them to see themselves in terms of their highest values, to achieve self-awareness, and realize what they want to be doing, in general, and in terms of their life together.

My next project is completely different. Not to say that I wouldn't cover similar material in the future. There are a lot of projects I'd like to do.

Praise For Raise the Red Lantern

Chris Philpott

About a third of the way through Zhang Yimou's *Raise the Red Lantern* I got very excited. Everything was proceeding very orderly, very simply, when I slowly began to suspect that what I was watching was not just another good film in a festival loaded with good films. This, I thought, is a masterpiece. Having thus raised my expectations I was not once disappointed. I experienced the greatest of pleasures: sitting and watching without bias a great film; a work which is timeless, virtually flawless, a work which is as simple and pure as a prime number.

It is a story of a woman who becomes the fourth wife of a wealthy Chinese man. It follows the plans and plots of the wives and servants as they play an intricate game designed for the benefit of the husband.

The solution to the problems of these characters is painfully obvious to all of us late 20th century Western feminists in the audience. I'm sure we'd all like to shout like kids at a screening of *Snow White*: "Don't eat the apple!" But *Snow White* always eats the apple. And the wives in *Red Lantern* never thump the table and cry, "This is bullshit! Let's do some consciousness-raising!" They eat their apples. It's been said that Othello would have no difficulty with Hamlet's predicament nor Hamlet with Othello's. Zhang, like Shakespeare, understands that great tragedy inextricably links character and situation. It becomes painfully irrelevant what a viewer would do in the character's situation.

Our removal in time, (and for Torontonians, in place) allows us the privilege of easy diagnosis of the ailments but we are not allowed such distance that we can dismiss the story as irrelevant, like reading some lesser Victorian novel about the evils of arranged marriages or restrictive divorce laws where you can toss the book aside after 100 pages, muttering, "Let them suffer." Neither is there some cloying historical parallel which makes the story "as relevant as today's headlines." In fact, *Red Lantern* is much more relevant than today's headlines because these social structures are timeless and universal. "I'm not

suggesting that people still live this way, only that they still think this way." — Zhang Yimou.

I've been hesitant to admit to myself that Zhang is indeed a great director; one doesn't want to enter into these grand pronouncements lightly. His first film, *Red Sorghum*, was not quite a great film but certainly one of the best first films of the 1980's. I couldn't help feeling while watching his second, *Ju Dou*, that the central location was contrived to give Zhang (a former cinematographer) free reign to play with colour. (Another asset in these films is that Hollywood's old discarded Technicolor plants were all sold to China when Hollywood "upgraded" to the cheaper Eastman-color process; Zhang has a penchant for primary reds, yellows and blues and Technicolor is clearly superior in delivering pure hues.)



In *Raise the Red Lantern* the colour and the story become one. Zhang's skills as a cinematographer do not conflict with his desires as storyteller. This is Zhang's most refined film, and some credit, one suspects, must be given to Hou Hsiao-hsien, the executive producer of *Red Lantern* and himself one of the finest directors in contemporary cinema. Hou is one of the most rigorous and reserved stylists in the history of film. His influence on Zhang is subtle; Zhang copies none of Hou's mannerisms (like filming scenes from an adjacent room through an open door) but he does tighten his style somewhat. Everything seems more orderly, instead of striving for an effect. Zhang now strives for perfection. Hou's influence may ruin many a fine director (for example Edward Yang, a friend of Hou's whose turgid *A Brighter Summer Day* screened at this year's festival), but Zhang's anarchic humanism benefits enormously from Hou's discipline.

Alliance has picked up the Canadian rights so *Red Lantern* will probably be opening fairly soon in Toronto. Go see it.



Festival Films That Regular Folks Should See

Mimi Choh

It's always a bit of a crap-shot which Festival films will get picked up for major release. The galas no doubt will and the obscure short films probably will not, but there is that vast middle ground of marginally cult and semi-famous films and filmmakers that may be doomed to obscurity or possibly revived through video. Among the films I saw during the annual bacchanalia in Toronto, these are the ones I hope will return so regular folks can see them:

I saw Derek Jarman's *Edward II* and Gus Van Sant's *My Own Private Idaho* on consecutive nights. These choices came by accident rather than by design, but in retrospect, I think they would make an intriguing double bill. British Jarman and American Van Sant work as an apologetic and subversive undercurrent in their respective national cinemas, so it is noteworthy that both have used Elizabethan texts to base their latest films. Jarman uses Christopher Marlowe's play and Van Sant lifts a good chunk of Shakespeare's *Henry IV*. You could call it pushing the envelope or whatever—but frankly, that has become an overused phrase whose meaning has been worn out. Undoubtedly, there is some shock value in their motives, but both films (probably more so with Jarman), demand a close examination beyond the bludgeoning style.

First, there is the whole homosexual theme. For Jarman, it is political as well as romantic/erotic. The fact that Piers Gaveston (Andrew Tieman) has both the ear and love of the king enrages court and clergy and so his exile and ultimate demise are plotted and executed. Thus, the audience's sympathy goes to the tragic lovers and scorn to the self-interested hypocrites: "society," as it might be called today. Although the period and language are archaic, Jarman treats the narrative as current, may be even universal.

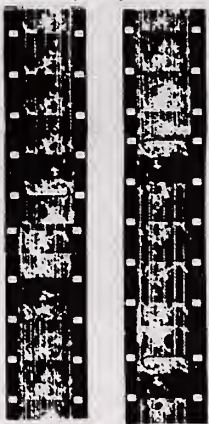
Some other reviewer has commented that the modern dress of Jarman's characters is quite confusing and distracts from the narrative. That reviewer has totally missed the point and probably did not see Jarman's previous work, *Caravaggio*, which also showcased the same technique to a lesser degree. Katharine Hammett is credited with the wardrobe and her contribution is most visible with the T-shirts that recall her "Choose Life" politics. The queen (Tilda Swinton) is garbed in Chanel, Thierry Mugler and that ilk, emphasizing an imperious lady who lurches: the haughty bourgeois look as if done by Hardy Amies, not coincidentally the designer often chosen by the current Queen. These, I suspect, are no mere accidents. The pageantry in which the British pride themselves is slyly parodied in ancient and modern forms. The ancient quality is conveyed by the stark stone walls that suggest those drafty castles and fortresses of legend and sometimes of tourism. The modern dress indicates, quite clearly, that the issues of *Edward II*'s time and the hypocrisy of those who got involved in the king's affairs, exist now as then.

Van Sant never really handles homosexuality straightforwardly. Scott Faver (Keanu Reeves) and Mike Rivers (River Phoenix) are male prostitutes, but beyond the thrill and the money, no judgements are invited in the whole film. This has the effect both of being hip (hey, man, let them do whatever they want and be cool) and irresponsible. Like, these kids do seem like they're having a lot of fun. Maybe, being a prostitute would really be okay; a

different way to see Portland, Idaho and Italy, but it is a little ludicrous that the narcoleptic Phoenix doesn't get robbed until way late in the film. So, okay, we're not supposed to think about their essential erotic desires and when Reeves meets Cadmilla (Chiara Caselli), it is a dead issue. Also, when Reeves announces, in sort of a soliloquy to hang up his spurs, as it were, and return to the family fold, the film becomes largely an exercise in his devious ways.

Van Sant's real strength is the portraits within the film. The landscape of heartland America and rural Italy come off as really captivating. His editing is slightly cute, but it's just occurred to me now that it's completely taken after Jim Jarmusch's *Stranger Than Paradise*. Given that, it's rather mystifying that *My Own Private Idaho* won the critics' prize since critics hate works that can identify as derivative. Maybe no one else thought of it.

One perplexing aspect of *Edward II* was Annie Lennox. She shows up while the lovers are dancing to sing a beautiful song beautifully. But she isn't introduced as any particular character and disappears after this cameo. That would all be okay except she gets fairly prominent billing. All I can think of is that her name and participation made financing easier for the film and Jarman probably needed it.



My favourite film was *Motorama*, part of the Midnight Madness programme. Ten-year-old Gus saws together a pair of leg extenders and steals his parents' '60s-model Mustang and takes off across the country. *Motorama* is fun to watch for the cornucopia of cameos: some like Drew Barrymore who, probably out of current overexposure, may be missed in a blink of an eye, and others like Jack Nance (*Twin Peaks*' Pete Martell), who provides a resonating subplot on his own.

Gus' journey across Other America is fuelled by his desire to play *Motorama*, a contest sponsored by participating service stations. In his quest to secure all the letters, particularly that elusive "R," we are conscious of the inherent scam. But like those box-tops of yore and the lotteries of today, there is an undeniable attraction and an innocent desire to win big. The inevitable fall suggests a disappointing, predictable ending, but perhaps by anticipating this, director Shils shifts into a completely different gear. To suggest the ending any further would really ruin it, but hopefully that will entice you to see it when it does show up in theatre or video.

When Barry Shils showed up at the Festival premiere with supporting player Mary Woronov

in tow, he looked very much like a death-row convict. But according to the promo material, he is actually a fine-arts grad from Yale and has worked on other films such as *Manhattan* and *The Warriors* and the last few years on videos. These credentials are noteworthy because while *Motorama* is Shils' directorial debut, it is beautifully shot and bears no telltale seams (at least to my eyes) of an early work that some other Midnight Madness shows painfully display.

The biggest disappointment was Michael Apted's *35Up*. The earlier installment, *28Up*, was such a huge, wild international success that great anticipation could not be avoided for this one. The director even showed up, not only to plug the film, but to graciously take questions after the screening. Unfortunately, *35Up* is, for some reason, a rehash of *28Up* with a receding hairline. I'm not trying to be cute about it, because very few people are doing different things from seven years ago. So, if you haven't seen *28Up*, you won't be at a great disadvantage if you should decide to see *35*, except the former is a much better film. Those in *28* who found bliss and children are still the same in *35*. The newest and really only issue is what effect this whole project has had on their lives since they are occasionally recognized. They all say it's rather nice, but they wish they could just continue on with their lives and so on. They're British, what else can you expect them to say?

The one person I really wondered about in *28* was Neil, the articulate vagrant. I was certain he would be dead for this installment, but no, he is still hanging on, living in a beautifully isolated part of England and involved in community theatre. It would be terrible to say that I was disappointed that he was still alive, but the overall theme was that they had all entered middle-age, both chronologically and mentally.

Michael Apted remarked that he was impressed with the audience turnout since documentary is "the poor brother in the film industry." This project is really so fascinating that it can pave the way for other documentaries and the genre as a whole. And the audience was enthusiastic not just by numbers. Among questions Apted fielded was why some from *28* had been left out without comment. Apted responded that they had made some editing decisions, hoping that no one would notice, but he sheepishly added, "obviously people have noticed."

Another disappointing element was that for a social documentary, *35* is rather out of date socially. Bruce, the socially conscious teacher is now in India, teaching and absorbing the local culture. But he has not yet found love. Apted asks him what kind of woman he is attracted to and Bruce responds somewhat evasively. But who's to say Bruce wants a woman? It seems that this possibility does not occur to Apted. I know this was all meant for television but, as they say, this is the nineties. Even if the film was a few years old, that was the eighties and the question should have still occurred to Apted. (I must, at this point, credit these remarks to my film companions. Kevin and particularly Lisa, who really wanted to bring this point up with Apted, but was stricken with uncommon shyness.) So, frankly, I don't see a future for *35Up*, unless a few of these people do something truly bizarre. But, they're British, so what's the likelihood?

Heart Of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse

Steve Gravestock

Film critic Paul Coates once remarked that maybe all major films required the sort of detective work Pauline Kael did in her seminal essay *Raiding Kane*. With *Heart of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse*, co-directors George Hickel and Fax Bahr appear to be acting on this advice. Their documentary is more a piece of criticism than a film, though it's not short on drama or humour (in fact, it has more of both than most of this year's fictional releases). The film explains just what went wrong with Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*, the turning point for Coppola both dramatically and financially. He never really had a hit or made a completely satisfying film afterwards.

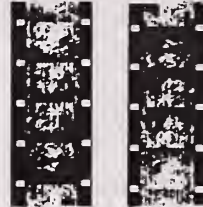
Combining footage shot by Eleanor Coppola (Mrs. C) during production, interviews with the principals then and now, and Orson Welles reading Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* (the film's source), Hickel and Bahr explode and verify some of the myths surrounding the production. Coppola didn't go crazy as rumoured. He became more and more egomaniacal largely because he was so overtaxed. (He wrote, directed, financed, argued with his producers, handled the press, rewrote and negotiated with the Filipino army.)

Flush after his astounding critical and financial success with *The Godfather*, Coppola decided to break from the studios and produce something free from all that rigamarole. He'd shoot John Milius's adaptation of Conrad's classic, a script he wanted to produce in the 60's but couldn't finance. He'd make the movie his way, with his money; moreover, he'd deal openly with the secret subject of most of the great American films of the period, a subject the studios wouldn't touch: Vietnam.

Hickel and Bahr make it clear very early on that Coppola has no real interest in Conrad or Vietnam. He simply wants to make a movie because he can. He realizes that there's something dreadfully wrong with the whole enterprise—constantly and feverishly proclaiming that he's making a BAD movie—but he's unable to abandon or rethink things. The costs would be too high both financially and in terms of pride. (Directors need big egos to keep things together and, if Coppola turned tail after snubbing the studios, he'd never be able to pontificate in that town again.)

So he panics—flailing wildly for any solution. Trying to make a GREAT work, though he knows he can't because he has no interest in or any idea of how to address the subject. In what is perhaps the film's funniest section, he tries to get Brando to improvise an ending despite the fact that Brando's never even touched the book and Coppola hasn't actually given the actor a character. (Once Coppola jettisoned Milius's original ending, the script was always in various stages of incompleteness. Apparently all of Brando's scenes were improvised.) Coppola encounters the same problem with Martin Sheen's character and shoots desperately until they get tired or stumble over something that looks dramatic.

Coppola isn't aided by his peculiar gifts, his reputation, or the people around him—who are either afraid to tell him off or too impressed by him or his romanticized bullshit to conceive of such a thing. Or maybe they're just over-nurtured. John Milius comes in late to get Coppola to listen to reason. After a brief meeting, he leaves Coppola's office convinced that



Apocalypse will be the first film to win the Nobel prize. Eleanor Coppola, gushing girlishly about Francis's journey into the depths of his soul, constantly reaffirms Coppola's bloated, histrionic view of himself. He sees through this but he's so infatuated with playing the role of the plagued, desperate artist that he can't act on this knowledge.

Hickel and Bahr reveal more surprising facts about Coppola at this point in his career. After the *Godfather* saga, you probably believed that Coppola was capable of anything, even big-budget spectacles. *The Godfathers* were hardly small films, but the documentarians show that Coppola was temperamentally completely unsuited to this sort of filmmaking. He repeatedly tries small film, low budget techniques—like improvising entire scenes—despite the fact that he's making an enormous movie. At one point he tries to justify shutting down the production, so that he can rewrite the script and create a suitable ending, by arguing that major studios did this all the time. He blithely neglects to mention that they never shot on location because of the cost. There's another irony here: Coppola left the studios but uses them to validate his actions. When Coppola isn't trying to stumble on something, he goes for cheap "cinematic" effects, as if he were stage managing a heavy metal show. There was a lot of money spent on smoke machines.

Throughout their film, Bahr and Hickel underline how confused Coppola was by playing a recording of Orson Welles reading Conrad's book. The stark beauty and atavistic terror running through Conrad's original contrasts sharply with Coppola's frantic grasping.

The film also illuminates the disastrous choices Coppola made in the ten years afterwards. Essentially, he's been trying to remake *Apocalypse*, to undo his mistake and vindicate himself, each time out, using the same inappropriate techniques. From *The Outsiders* to *The Cotton Club*, he ignored the script and relied on improvisation and cheesy effect. The second turning point in his career was *Peggy Sue Got Married* where he stuck to the script and produced a modest but decent piece of work. Since then his films have been much better, with some exceptions, though never as great as his pre-*Apocalypse* work. *Heart of Darkness* documents even richer ironies, ones that almost extend beyond Coppola and filmmaking. Coppola sets out to denounce Vietnam and American imperialism. However, he becomes a huge imperialist himself, in the name of art. He insists on making the movie on a grand scale because, as he explains to his cinematographer, Americans only do things on a grand scale. The movie was shot in the Philippines, for the cheap labour, and Coppola paid Marcos, a dictator, thousands of dollars a day to use his helicopters. They're constantly flying off to attack the Communists insurgents. No one involved with the movie realizes how deeply ironic this is.

Communist Pamphlet Distributors Need Vacation

Sean "vodka taste tester" Fisher

So, what does the collapse of the Soviet Union mean for the likes of idiot, bourgeois, Torontonians like me and you? Probably most of you initially reacted like me. Over the last few weeks of the summer I was up every night with potato chips, cigarettes, and pop, watching CNN, CNN Headline News, CNN International, and Newsweek. A news-junkie I become whenever there is a global crisis. I would drool in anticipation when an interview with Boris Yeltsin or Gorbachev was announced. I was almost as excited as I was when I was a kid waiting to see Frosty the Snowman during Christmas vacation. I've become so fascinated with all of this that I even signed up for a Soviet Politics course this year.

What is perhaps even more startling is that those cement-heads with their lunatic Marxist newsletters are still outside Sid Smith! Now with a brand new "deus ex machina" argument for "real communism"! Here's what the Spartacist Canada headline is, "SOVIET WORKERS: DEFEAT YELTSIN-BUSH COUNTERREVOLUTION!". Don't these fools realize that people are now chanting on the streets of Moscow "Workers Unite Against Communism"? Unfortunately, these twits have never understood what is happening on the streets of Moscow.

I was lucky enough to visit Eastern Europe for the second time in a year this summer, and I was able to get a few first-hand impressions of the fall of communism. Last summer I was in Prague, Czechoslovakia very briefly. Although the Czechs had found their independence, there was hardly a joyful face to be seen in the crowd, and hardly a business was open. My friend Arnold and I wandered around for three days and spent fifty dollars between the two of us... and we lived well. But it's hard to enjoy wealth when all the food you eat tastes like shit, and the people around you are starving.

This year I had a bit more time in Prague. I felt I got to know the city a bit more. In the completely preserved central part of the city there were cafe's all over the place, T-shirts, costing \$18.00 each, were being sold, and the food was slightly better. For the price-conscious tourist there are still ice-cream cones being sold for a measly five cents. And it's good ice cream. Generally, there seems to be a lot more economic activity, and a lot more optimism in the air.

As the walls come down, the atrocities of the Communist Party are revealed in Prague. My brother and I were shown around the city of Prague by an environmental planner named Miroslav Hatle. He told us about the horrors of the suburbs. You thought Toronto suburbs were bad? There are apartment complex areas on the outskirts of Prague with 100,000 people in each. There are two stores for each area about the size of your average 7-11. But, of course, the thing to remember is that it was equal. Everybody was in the same glorious situation. Abhh! Communism.

The Hungarians have embraced capitalism and democracy much faster than the Czechs. In Budapest you can even get ripped off by a waiter. You could swear

you were in Paris. People are selling everything. Grandmothers are holding up shirts in the subway stations to be sold, and cheap souvenirs are being sold everywhere by everybody. There is a downside to all of this rapid change. The city is overcrowded, unbelievably polluted, and they are starting to enjoy such wonderful side effects of capitalism as heavy metal, and pornography.

"Capitalism is obviously not the answer to everything," I remember thinking to myself. However, I went up to the top of Gellert Hill which overlooks the whole city. At the top is the Soviet Liberation Memorial which, when looked at from the Danube, is one of the proudest monuments I have ever seen. Beside the monument are a couple of vendors selling Soviet memorabilia. I bought a Red Army cap, a few Soviet pins, a ruble, and a little can that says on it "The Last Breath of Communism." Truly, this man, by selling a can of air in the name of communism, had found the ultimate mockery of communism. He was also the happiest person I met in eastern Europe.

It is true that capitalism and democracy won't solve all the problems for these people. It certainly hasn't for us. A communist friend of mine once told me that these people weren't really free because now they were slaves to Levi 501's. But he has never been to eastern Europe, and neither have those idiots with their goddamn Marxist newsletters outside Sid Smith. They argue that it is only Stalinism that didn't work and that communism must still be given a chance. Maybe so. But, frankly, it was too costly an experiment to humanity to try again, and if I have to be a slave to a pair of Levi 501's to make sure it never happens again, then I will.

Avarice is the God of All Business: The Boys of Summer Cash In

John Sloan

There once was a time when the boys of summer came to the field because they had to. The thrill of the grass pulling them closer. Thousands celled together in the twilight hours performing the ancient ritual now called baseball. Shoeless Joe, the Babe and Roy Hobbs. Picture this... Bottom of the ninth. Down a run. Man on third. You hold the bat closer to you, waiting on that three and two pitch - this image larger than any mythological tale of heroism. A true archetype for the twentieth century.

Somebody turned on the lights. Unlike a group of creatures huddled in the dark around a blazing fire. We sit in fluorescent lighting, scarfing on a dog and chucking back a brewsky. Once noble, the ritual has turned into just one more excuse to get shitfaced. This is the description of the actual ballpark. In reality no one goes to the game anymore. We stay inside our houses. The game flickers on the television. Dull images of a dull game.

Baseball is an icon in our society and like so many of our icons it is falling apart.

Last winter the owners of all the baseball teams got together and bought players. Like school children trading baseball cards they swapped human beings with one another. The nation's once innocent pastime turned into a cross between Wall Street and the Home Shopping Network. Those players whose recent contracts had run out became Free Agents, able to sell their skills to the highest bidder. In just one week thirty-five humans had been bought for a staggering 222 million dollars.

Gladly I will applaud labour receiving their piece of the MLB (Major League Baseball) pie. In the past, the owners have consistently formed a blatant collusion to

try and control their product (see Eight Men Out). By secretly promising not to offer contracts to a free agent until that player's original team had declared that they were not interested in the prospective ballplayer in question. The owners effectively took the free out of the agent. For example, an owner could offer a player any sum to play, because he knew that the 'free agent' was not going to get a better offer (more than this he wasn't going to get ANY other offers). Oddly enough, from the free agency's inception in 1976 to early 1989 players salaries showed no dramatic increase.

The system collapsed in 1989, when the owners were found guilty of collusion in a court of law. Millions are still being paid out in reparation. This ruling has led to a truly chaotic Free system. The teams now need to make the best offer to obtain a Free agent... George Bell signed a three year deal worth ten million dollars... Darrel Strawberry, twenty million dollars over five years. As mentioned earlier, in one week thirty-five Free agents signed for a combined total of two hundred and twenty-two million. Where does all this money come from?

We can accurately conclude that baseball is a business. Like any successful business it has an overhead and a net gross earning. Overhead consists of items such as the stadium, uniforms, equipment, managerial staff, maintenance crew, advertisement... oh, and of course players. If you subtract gross earnings by the overhead you should get the profit. Gross, and naturally the profits are derived from, attendance, logo licensing, concession sales, and of course television revenue.

Television revenue is the meat and potatoes of a baseball franchise's income. Last year professional baseball sold the television rights to the

CBS network for a cool 1.06 BILLION dollars. CBS now owns the exclusive right to show the Playoffs, the World Series, the All-Star game, and a game-of-the-week every Saturday. Unbelievably this contract lasts only four years. The billion dollars is divided equally among the twenty-six teams. Many of the owners have reinvested this money back into the team by bolstering their rosters, mainly acquiring free agents.

After a year and a half, the now infamous CBS deal has turned into a horror story. To start with, last year both the American League Championship and the World Series lasted the bare minimum four games. Compiled onto this the ratings for these games were abysmal. This year competition for the regular season baseball market has suddenly exploded. New Superstations (in Metro we now receive Atlanta and Chicago, which feature Atlanta Braves, Chicago Cubs and Chicago White Sox games.) have recently been introduced, which are added to the local games already being telecast from independent stations. (In Toronto we see nearly every Jay game on CTV or TSN, as well as the Expo's on CBC.) To top it off ESPN (The American All-sports channel) features a game of the week every Sunday night (carried on TSN in Canada). In the first quarter of the contract CBS reported a 100 million dollar loss.

So, while ballplayers' contracts continue to soar the economic future of the institution is in a state of implosion. Many are predicting the coming of the pay-per-view market. (The new Canadian pay-per-view channels are still in their infancy.) Under this system, viewers would have to pay approximately five bucks for every game they watch. The question is how many people would pay five dollars to see the lowly Cleveland Indians play?

If a pay-per-view system were established, the teams in larger markets would have a considerable advantage. Those teams (New York, L.A., Chicago and even Toronto) would be able to offer considerably higher contracts than other poorer teams (Cleveland, Montreal, Baltimore and Seattle) could afford to compete with.

What steps have the owners come up with to deal with the crisis that looms ahead? Pay-per-view? Devising a new free-agent system? Communication? Well not exactly. In 1993, the league will expand, two new franchises will be added (the Florida Marlins and the Colorado Rockies). This bone-headed move will make the existing structure even more confusing at a time when order and direction is needed.

If it was once magical and mystic, it is now corrupt and indecent. Baseball has always been a business, but their once was a time when the game was an event, not merely another form of entertainment. Once we were considered fans, not patrons.



BLITZ ENCORE

Blitz

Hello. I was pleasantly surprised by the amount of - and, in general, intelligence of - the feedback my last article got, so I thought I'd do an encore to clear some stuff up.

My friend Loren argued that there is nothing wrong with being proud to be a man, it's just that society has put so much bullshit into the definition of "man" that the term has been debased. What he thinks we should do is fight for a new, non-stupid definition of manliness, one that does not depend on being a jerk much of the time, much as feminism has tried to reclaim "cunt" and give it positive value. I agree in principle with that idea, except for two caveats.

A) It seems to veer dangerously close to an institutionalized "separate but equal" system, which I see as being basically wrong and unworkable. If there are specific qualities or energies that males possess in greater degree than females, shrewdly by virtue of being male, then this will be obvious without institutionalizing it if we ever attain a non-sexist society. (The reverse is, of course, true as well.) Thus to use the term "man" would be superfluous at best, and sexist at worst. Right now there are needs for women's groups, men's groups, etc. but I see these — valid though they are — as being necessitated by a sick culture, not as being inherently good.

B) Even if desirable, it would be a lot of work, and I don't consider the goal as worthwhile enough to justify that much energy expenditure. I am, and want to be considered as, human. Loren also questioned why I chose the male-female split as being the one to focus on. Well, there are several reasons. First of all, I see it as being the most prevalent. All cultures I have come into contact with have been to some degree sexist, as have damn near all the individuals I've encountered (myself, of course, included, unfortunately), whereas racism (while too common), is a poor second, and homophobia (or heterophobia) a distant third. Of course, they're all related, being the fruits of a world organized by dominance-worshippers, and of course you can safely assume that I don't like being labelled as a "white" or "het" (or, as happened at one party, "the straight boy"). The second reason I sort of alluded to above: the idea that one label is bad hopefully will lead people to examine the validity of all labels. The third reason is simply who I'd been hanging out with most of the summer.

What else? Another friend objected to my statement that "man" is often defined in this culture as "not a woman". The logic behind that, which I borrow from Marilyn French (and will return to her as soon as I'm done with it) is that patriarchy sees woman as linked to the "natural" world. The moon-menstruation link is obvious, as is the fact that women bring new life into the world, whereas men "merely" help her to do it (and some argue that the link between sex and pregnancy is by no means completely obvious, and may not have been realized until fairly late in human prehistory, thus making men feel even more useless and non-natural). So if women are more "natural" than men, and if they are to be suppressed, men - and their gods - must transcend the natural world, as Jehovah, Allah, etc... clearly do: they are not of the world, but are the disconnected creators. However,

even men are born of woman, and born "naturally", with blood and squalling and all that stuff. Therefore, to completely transcend and thus be entitled to rule women and nature, they must overcome their "naturalness" by whatever means the society decrees, be it dress codes or ritual homosexuality or quests or whatever. Manhood is when a male becomes a ruler, independent in certain ways and powerful, and almost every society has rituals for it. There are fewer rituals for womanhood, and they are usually more subtle, because becoming a woman does not entail the huge change in status that becoming a man does, going from "natural" (a state in which a woman resides for her whole life), to something beyond nature. However, this status must be won, and must be tenaciously held by conforming to tribal standards, else one becomes - gasp! - "womanly".

One last point on this topic. Some people apparently thought the article was anti-male, or anti-men anyways. Well, it was anti-men, but mainly because I'm a man in too many people's eyes, whereas no-one calls me a woman. However, I consider womanhood to be just as stupid as manhood, and I'm dimly aware that most women - like most men - are sexist. (Whether it's pro-male sexist or pro-female sexist is irrelevant; both are moronic, and each tends to contain within it the seeds of the other.)

Onwards, ever onwards... Someone asked me why I barely mentioned the music side of things in the last issue. The answer is as simple as it is depressing: I've given up. For around four years now I've been writing about bands I really dig, bands that have something more to offer than the bullshit that pervades most rock/pop/whatever, and as far as I can tell I've had no effect. Fine, I don't expect you all (who all? ALL!!) to go out and pick up tons of punk and hardcore and other "alternative" (what a stupid phrase, especially nowadays) bands just cause I think they're great, but I don't think I've met anyone who's been at all interested in what I've written, and since some of these bands have been the most important things in my life, that kinda hurts. And anyway, futility ain't my scene these days. So you keep listening to the dreck that you love, the commercialized crap that acts as the soundtrack for your boring, reactionary, and just plain stupid evenings of drinking and meaningless, soulless sex, and I'll keep my tape deck stocked with *Richman, Coltrane, the Dead, Bad Religion, the Washington Squires, All, Fugazi, Green Day, Operation Luv, old Dylan, Santana, John Lee Hooker, Robert Johnson, Muddy Waters, Charlie Parker, Tom Waits, Bigmouth, Lowest of the Low* (if they ever get their tape done), *the MCS, Bad Brains, Bob Marley, Peter Tosh, old Jefferson Airplane, the Beatles, the Replacements, Soul Asylum, Sonic Youth, Fidelity Jones, Neurosis, Mojo Nixon, RKL, Dag Nasty, Mississippi John Hurt, Mono Negra, Hawkwind* and more, and hopefully we'll manage to avoid each other, okay? If you really care about my opinions, ask me in person.

After having said all that, I should mention that *Blue Shift*, an Innis band, are playing at Clinton's October 16, so see 'em out of college solidarity if not for the fact that

they're real good, the *Wild Strawberrys* are recording again, *What Rough Beasts* broke up due to Pedro's course load (silly reason, I know) and the *Crawlin' Crawdads* should be reforming. If you're in a band and go to — or are connected with — Innis, lemme know what you're up in so we can get some kind of community happening.

One more thing: I was at a birthday party awhile back and got into a discussion about banking with one of the guests, which led to anarchism and similar topics. I started spouting off, as I still can't stop myself from doing despite the futility of it all, and the sort of conservative person I was talking to favoured me with a condescending smile and said, "Ah, but you have to live in the real world, my dear." I've had that said to me before - probably everyone who isn't a banker or an accountant has - and I have a few basic rebuttals to it:

a) The "real world" they speak of is a suicidal aberration forced onto a world of healthy biological life.

b) Half - or more than half - the reason that her world is "real", to whatever degree it really is, is the fact that so many people who could otherwise act to change it give up because of statements like that.

c) To quote the immortal words of Robert Heinlein, "Cooperating with the inevitable does not mean stooping for the guards." Just because I don't smoke drugs at the corner of Bloor and Yonge doesn't mean I think drug-smoking is some how wrong (I do think that it's misused by most potheads I've met, but that's a different matter). It just means that I realize that, right or wrong, there are large men with moustaches on power trips who will attempt to injure or incarcerate me if I do, and the pleasure of getting stoned at Bloor and Yonge (what pleasure?) isn't worth the hassle. We all have to balance idealism with pragmatism, unfortunately. That doesn't mean we should abandon idealism. (Or pragmatism, for that matter.)

Food, Folks and Fun

Colin Wilson

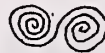
You and your bank statements are probably fairly chummy right now. After all, September was a lucrative month for students, what with loans coming in, summer earnings still unspent, and Mom and Dad in a generous mood. My experience is that this surge in disposable income can trigger an oxygen rush to the brain. Every fall I drop a bundle on such fripperies as snack foods, flamboyant hats and the recommended texts on my reading list. And every winter these items stare down in reproach from the shelf as I huddle in my garret with nothing to eat but half a jar of peanut butter and an onion. Not wanting any of you to suffer as I have, I have composed this guide for the (literally) starving student.

If your refrigerator suffers from chronic emptiness, you might want to join the line at the Daily Bread Food Bank. This institution does not discriminate between the hungry and the merely peckish, so just wear your shabbiest overcoat and your identity as a slumming elitist won't be revealed. Excuse the populism, but there is a fundamental difference between student poverty and the more chronic long-term kind. Free from airplane glue addiction and dependent children, most students at least have the option of taking a job in the exciting and potential-filled world of telemarketing. Just grin and bear it: end of sermon.

away. Instead, try attending a Nathan Phillips Square kids concert. After a handful of Peck Freans and seven Kool-Aids, you too will wonder why Sharon, Lois and Bram didn't open at Woodstock. And be sure to check out their dancing elephant.

You don't have to leave campus to snack happily at no cost. The University College Union, for instance, offers a daily afternoon tea. The building is a great place to read a National Geographic while eavesdropping on the Dorothy Parker-style quips emanating from the cuche table, that font of wit. I also enjoy surfeiting myself on the free Digestive biscuits, thereby maintaining my trademark sickly demeanor. The Union also hosts occasional poetry readings where beer is served.

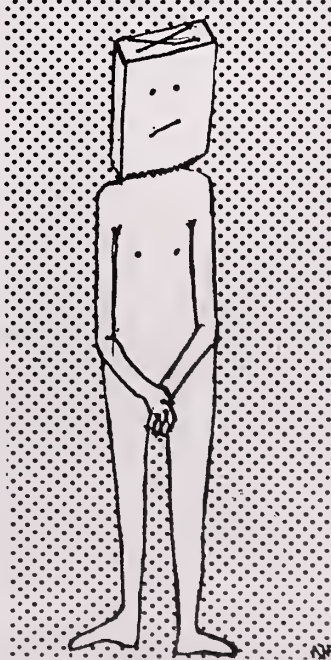
This brings us to wine and cheese socials, an important source of calcium and my prime reason for living. If you keep an eye out for the posters, you can attend at least one of these gatherings a week. Unless you take courses in every department, you will occasionally feel like a fish out of water. Don't be daunted by this. Few of the revellers will actually resent your presence even if their knowledge of, say, particle physics or Olmec burial sites is exponentially greater than your own. A good wine and cheese party is animated by the same spirit as the Haida potlatch: the more lavish the celebration, the more honour re-



Then there are the Hare Krishnas. I am told that their temple on Avenue Road serves up some of Toronto's best vegetarian cuisine. The food is probably a bait to turn unsuspecting passersby into tonsured, chanting Hansels and Gretels. If yours is the sort of worldview which can be undermined by tambourine music, or if you merely look bad in saffron, I suggest you stay

bounds to the host.

Alas, I know of no one aside from Blanche Dubois who can rely entirely on the kindness of strangers. If you are seriously worried about starving to death this winter, a bursary may be more helpful than free cookies. Desperation aside, the search for free food can be a rewarding pastime. Even the well-fed can delight in the sheer thrill of the chase.



STILL
CONFUSED.

The Meek and the Humble.

by Toshiya Kuwabara

(This is a children's story written for adults—mainly for those people on subways whose only facial expression is one of frowning silence.)

One day, as Meek rose from the bed to see the morning sun, Meek felt strong and happy. Ah, to be alive and to see the morning sun. This was all Meek could hope for, and yet, Meek was contented with it.

Quickly, Meek had a student breakfast: on a plate was a small piece of brown toast with margarine (the melted margarine always made it look shiny and oily). In Meek's small mug of coffee there was the usual milk and sugar. Nice like sugar and spice, Meek thought. Soon Humble came to the morning table with the typical upper-middle-middle-class-suburban-social-out-cast-breakfast of microwaved rice and miso soup. Nice and nutritious, Humble thought. Looking at Meek's watch for the time, Humble was glad that there were enough duMaurier Extra Lights left. Going to Shopper's Drug Mart to buy ciga-

rets always made Humble uncomfortable. It seemed, even though Humble was almost twenty, that the cashiers would either ask for age and I.D. or sell them to Humble with a dirty look in their eyes. Meek often saw this dirty look too, when going on the subway, walking back home, or from the people that thought that Meek was mean. Actually, Meek was a nice person inside. Unfortunately, wearing a jean jacket and soft patched jeans, no one would accept Meek. This made Meek sad. What Meek liked to do was, to listen to all the cool lectures in class. The talking inspired Meek. It made Meek feel really hungry. Hungry for more ideas.

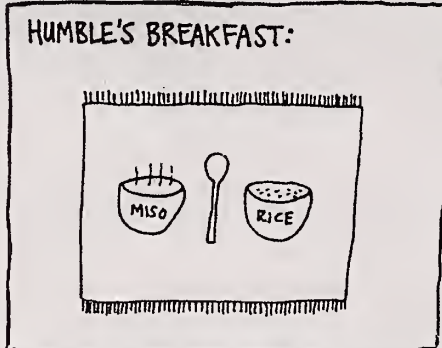
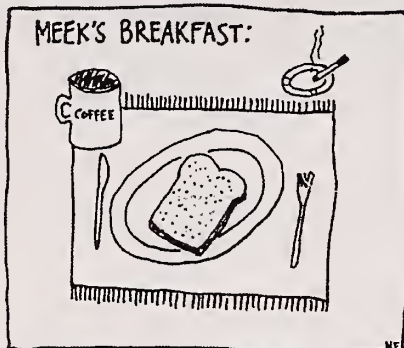
Humble was different. Even though Humble knew the T-shirts and torn jeans made people not like Humble, they were Humble's favourite clothes. To be strong inside (and sometimes weak too), that was Humble. Humble always knew to be kind to other people, helping them and saying thank you. It was easy for Humble to do, but Humble had few friends. Movies, literature and photography. They were what Humble liked most.

Anyway, Meek and Humble finished their breakfast in a jiffy. They didn't want to miss the costly bus. Their Metropasses were expensive enough. "Time is money," was what people sometimes said to Humble. But Meek knew that time

isn't money: it's patience. Hurrying to get their backpacks, and taking their morning medication, Meek and Humble then walked to the small bus stop. It was like an outpost on a suburban frontier. Meek called it, "wasteland suburbia", but Humble didn't mind. Humble just wished there were more trees and grass and open space to see the evening sky, the setting sun, or billowing clouds and stars.

Standing at the bus stop, Meek kept thinking about Hobbes' *Leviathan* versus Rousseau and Sade, while Humble sat quietly on the cold concrete bench smoking. Smoking and thinking about last night's movie on TV, *L'Age d'Or*. Even though Humble knew only a little French, the movie still burned in Humble's mind: Surrealism could be so intense.

Sometimes, Humble would try and read some of Meek's books, *Eugenie de Fraval*, *Justine*, *A Clockwork Orange*, 1984, *The Beauty Myth*, and Germaine Greer, but Humble felt they were too much.



Humble preferred *Falling Angels*, *Sea and Poison*, *Story of O*, and Anais Nin.

And so, the classical heart beat inside Meek's chest, from listening to Mozart and Beethoven to Prokofiev and Satie. While the romantic one churned in Humble's chest, listening to the Beatles and everything from heavy metal to rap. They both had times when they felt sad or happy. They both could bleed, and see the scars on their hands. They both had hearts. But the people on the bus, the subway, and at school only saw them as nasty or mean. If only they could feel what Humble saw and what Meek read — like Winston and Julia, Ethel and Miguel, Suguro and Toda.

After riding the bus and getting on the subway, Meek and Humble looked at the reflection of the passengers in the big window: it was crowded, so they were standing, swaying with the subway. Swaying to a rhythm.

Humble thought of the little mice that lived under the subway tracks. They always made Humble laugh inside. Meek often liked to point them out, just to see that smile and laughter in Humble's eyes. They both stared at the menagerie of other passengers.

Meek smiled, and Humble laughed quietly. Everywhere else people stared with empty eyes and broken hearts, as the subway rolled on.

by Raymond Bellour

Dear Allison: (The names have been changed to protect the innocent.)

My sister has told me that you would like to hear from me prior to our marriage. Doubtless this is unnecessary, (other mail brides only want to know numbers, like how old is he? how much does he make? etc.), but I am susceptible as any to the whims of the female. Hence this note. I have tried to reason out what it is you would like to know about me and my doings, and have come up with this list.

1. Looks: I am young, just short of being a tall man, hairy in inappropriate locations, and have an incipient pot belly that is the subject of every new year's resolution I have ever made. I tend to wear mismatched socks. This is as candid as I've ever been with anybody, so I hope you appreciate it.

2. Clothing: I wear black, the perennial colour for faux intellectuals at university. Then I punctuate it with colour, always trying to ensure that my socks and underwear match. My sunglasses and belt

believe you and assume you have no interest in what they want to talk about (which is probably owl pellets or recent developments in urology), or they will not believe you. If that happens you lose your acquaintances and become a loser, a geek, an L7, which is not so bad because that is what everyone at U of T was in highschool anyway. Some people avoid the whole hassle and just stay geeks.

After four years at the University, I have one friend. His name is Mole. He smokes Marlboros, styles his hair with axle grease, and buttons his shirts up wrong. He also grew up in Midland, sister town of Penetang, the lunatic capital of Ontario. You take what you can get. Perhaps this description is cruel and coldhearted, but that just shows how well I have adapted to my surroundings. To temper justice with mercy, I must say that he laughs at my jokes, which makes him absolutely indispensable.

I also know some women, but the debate still rages over

Toronto. They say that the homosexuals all gravitate to the city from everywhere else, or that the city makes people homosexual. It's a variation on the old nature/nurture argument that is applied to so many aspects of behaviour. I think both ideas must have some validity or else there wouldn't be so many of them around. My question is, why are all the interesting women gay? My other question is, why aren't they bisexual enough to play all night games of strip Twister with me and their current other? Maybe we could have some herbal cigarettes afterward. Strawberry tofutti, even.

D. Women with neither girlfriends nor boyfriends. These women are not, contrary to belief, the dregs of the beauty barrel. Nor are they the dregs of the intellect barrel. Perhaps they can best be called sensible, but their detachment can also be linked to the fact that they were wallflowers in high school. (See geeks, above.) The fact that most of them dress like they have just been dragged backwards through the hold of a fishing trawler may also have something to do with it. Maybe living in residence causes this trawler look. I have about as much experience with the one as with the other.

Please don't think that everything in my life revolves around the opposite sex. If that were true, I'd have transferred to another school, Western, say. The most important thing for me of all is the next one, namely:

7. Work: This isn't whatever is expected of me in school. This also isn't what is expected of me at my mind numbing job. It is what I expect of myself. To make a long and truly boring (to everyone but myself) story short, I am working on three feature film screenplays, a series of faeces carvings, two documentary videos, and one travelogue that is at least half true. On top of that I am taking a course in the preparation of french cuisine at night. All my money goes to support my work.

To sum up, when I am not in a dark movie theatre or drafty lecture hall, I can usually be found in the darkroom or in front of a computer terminal. (I am also area vice president for the league of slug complexioned people of Canada, Toronto chapter. As with all other significant lobby organizations, this is our head office. In fact, I'd say that I'm the second most powerful person in the league.)

This is all I can think of to mention to you at the moment. Looking over it, it seems to me that it gives a fairly good idea of my surroundings, if not of myself. That will come, I'm sure. Besides, if everything did fit into one letter, our married life would include an inordinate amount of television. By the way, it's nice to know that you don't want to marry me for immigration purposes. Hope to hear from you soon.

Yours everlastingly,

Raymond Bellour

whether they can be included in the friend category or not. (See Café Ennui, above.) For the purposes of this letter, I will put them under a different heading.

6. Women: I know some. Really. There are several types of women at the university and in my life. In no particular order, they are:

A. Relatives. Thankfully this number is limited. With Carrie out in Edmonton, I have the campus to myself. Having Carrie on campus was fun. She and I were in the same class our first year here. She was pissed when I got a higher mark than she did. We haven't had a class together before or since.

B. Women with boyfriends. Every desirable woman at the University has a boyfriend. This is no cause for alarm unless one wants a girlfriend of one's own. Then one has to find a way to get rid of the woman's boyfriend for her. The fact that the boyfriend is usually about thirty, or has a physique like a tree trunk can be daunting. On the other hand, she might be willing to assist you if you ever met and talked to one another. Engagement is a disquieting trend, happening more and more often. The women seem enthusiastic about it, but they just depress everyone else when they bring it up.

C. Women with girlfriends. This is another popular trend. Some wonder why there are so many homosexuals (male and female) in

Rambling Jerk Off

Mole

"On shrines of Egypt beat
Suns without pity."
- Catullus

After the guy sat down he asked me for a cigarette so I gave him one. I was at the corner of Yonge and Queen on the steps of the CIBC waiting for the bus. It was three a.m., or ten a.m. Cairo time. The guy patted me on the shoulder and said God bless you.

"My brudder's built like a ragin' bull," he said.

"How so?" I asked.

"He works out every day. My brudder's built like a fuckin' ragin' bull."

I sat and listened to him babble for about ten minutes. He described, in pedantic detail, every sort of exercise his brother performed during his daily workouts. When he got to "exercising his love muscle," I decided to change the subject.

"These Zippo lighters," I said, playing with mine, "are like Volkswagens aren't they?"

"Huh? My brudder's built like a..."

"Yeah, but these Zippos, you see, last forever. Do you comprehend that? You have to change the flint every few months and refill the damn thing every day, but it'll last forever, know what I mean? Just like an old Volks, ya know? These lighters, I tell you..."

"Dey're built like a fuckin' Ragin' Bull!" he exclaimed, a wide smile of comprehension blooming on his skinny, zit-infested face.

"That's right! Yeah! Put 'er there!" I said, and we were buddies for life until the bus arrived. He asked me for fare, but I didn't have enough so I let him there. I gave him another cigarette, got on the bus and headed north.

I sat near the front. I couldn't help but overhear the driver speaking to an overnight security guard.

"D'ya ever carry a weapon?" asked the driver, a hint of bloodlust in his eyes.

"No, not anymore. I could never shoot anyone, not even Charlie Manson. This cop I knew shot a bank robber. After he filed his report he went down to a subway station and walked down the tracks till the train came."

The driver seemed fascinated by this story. He began talking about his time as a subway driver and the gory suicides he had witnessed. I pulled the "Stop Request" cord.

Coffee. I needed coffee. I walked to 1001 Bay and entered the doughnut store. I ordered a large black coffee to stay. I sat by the Coffee Time neon sign and lit a cigarette. A pizza boy from The Big Slice walked into 1001's lobby. Sisypheus used to live there in suite 2313. He's on a one year sabbatical from U of T this year. No more drinking till dawn listening to Leonard Cohen and skipping tutorials. Too bad.

I started thinking about my ex-girlfriend again. Ah, shit. I hate it when I do this. I sat there and got depressed for a few moments until I noticed a cockroach on my table. I crushed the disease-ridden insect with my clenched fist, feeling a satisfying crunch and crackle under my hand as the little vermin breathed its last.

I cheered up a tad. I sipped my coffee and stared out the win-

dow, grinning.

This is much too civilized, I thought. Nothing is open now except coffee shops and pizza joints. Since I usually sleep all day before my night shift, I end up wide awake on my nights off. What I needed at this point was a second hand book shop, the kind with literature, Harlequins and back issues of Life at the front of the store and hard core pornography at the back.

My friend Conrad told me a funny story about one of these shops. He was looking at the literature section near the cashier when some pneumatic geek went up to the desk and said, "Excuse me, I'm looking for a magazine and like can't find it anywhere..."

The cashier said, "What magazine?"

"Beaver," said the geek, "I'm looking for old back issues."

The cashier replied in a snide voice, "No, we don't stock... Beaver magazine."

"Shit, I can't them anywhere. I'm trying to complete my collection."

The cashier replied in a knowledgeable voice, "You'll have to go to the States to find that one."

Well, I found that funny. I can understand someone looking for back issues of Playboy or Penthouse (many are collector's items because of the articles and interviews, not just the centerfolds), but Beaver magazine? Why not collect old issues of Boobie or Clit magazine from '68? How about Blue Boy magazine from 1905 featuring previously unpublished photos of Oscar Wilde? Or The Transvestite Times from 1885? Does no one collect stamps anymore?

Conrad mentioned as a postscript to this story that the fellow should get a subscription to some medical journals.

"Yeah, full page colour photos of foot diseases and corns. Letters to the editor describing open heart surgery in lurid detail. Editorials about new venereal diseases and two page spreads of advanced herpes. He'd be on his knees for days, cranking away in his filthy, semen crusted apartment. There must be a good, perverted consumer base for such publications, know what I mean?"

"Definitely. I mean, you can find specialized porn mags for every erogenous zone on the female body. Why not get really kinky? How about Elbow Monthly or Ampit Magazine?"

"Yeah, or let's not be species-specific and publish something like Limp Chimp or Mondo Iguana. There must be an audience out there. One could make a fortune peddling The Hippo Sphincter Times or some such rag. The editorials would be priceless, I tell you, priceless!"

And so on.

The last book I picked up in one of those Yonge-Wellesley shops was Fools Die by Mario Puzo, a great novel. Gore Vidal is still King when it comes to current American writers, but Puzo is a close second, even if his prose style is not as satisfying as Vidal's. Puzo lives a charmed life.

I'm surprised that he wasn't knocked off by some mafia goon after Godfather 3. You better be-

lieve that those nice Catholic cardinals have mafia contacts that could do a clean hit for them. That film reopened quite a few old wounds in the upper echelons of the inner sanctums of Vatican City. Hey, why not bump off a Pope if you don't like him? It worked in the Middle Ages didn't it?

Why not light another cigarette? Indeed, I did, and finished my coffee.

I walked up Bay street, entered Mr. Video and played with the Pic-A-Flic machine for a minute and left. I walked south on Bay and made a right. I walked past St. Mike's and thought of my first year when I lived at Elmstey Hall. A good year, really. I sat down on the steps at Old Vic and lit another cigarette.

Oh no, I thought, I'm thinking about my ex again. This sort of painful retrospection always happens after midnight. I puffed vehemently on my smoke and my eyes wandered around Vic, trying to focus on something distracting. I saw a squirrel run up a tree.

Shit, I thought, I can't wait till September. This place is already filled with ghosts. I want this place to be thoroughly haunted before I leave. Then maybe I'll go to Cairo or something. Or Paris. Or Mexico. Or Big Tuna, Texas. What the hell am I going to do?

Fuck, it's four a.m., or eleven a.m. Cairo time. I walked back to Yonge and Wellesley, said hi to the concierge in the lobby and ascended thirty floors to the top of the building. The 24th floor has a balcony that they lock after eleven, but the roof is open twenty four hours a day, due to the absence of a lock on the door.

The roof is a well-kept secret. Nobody knows about it. The guy who fixed the blinds in my room (I pulled them off the ceiling in a drunken rage one morning) told me about it. The view is magnificent, the whole city is one huge electrical board from east to west. I sat on an air duct and looked south-west towards the lake. My eyes wandered north to U of T, which is partially hidden by Sutton Place. It looked so goddamn insignificant, a back hole in the middle of all those white and orange lights.

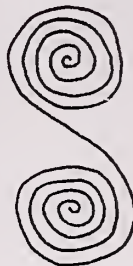
I stayed there for an hour or so taking in the city lights and thinking about trivial things, like how I was going to afford putting my Vespa on the road and how many Iraqis it takes to screw in a light bulb (I don't know either). The sky was becoming slightly blue on the horizon. I took the elevator to my room on the seventeenth floor.

My roommate was asleep. I snuck into my room, removed my brown leather jacket and walked over to my stereo. I put on Vangelis' new album, pulled the blinds open and stared east towards Coxwell, Montreal and the Nile.

Then I wrote this. The sun is coming up, Roman Polanski is buying his morning papers downtown and someone is burning in the afternoon sun somewhere near the Sphinx. Goodnight, V.R.

Time for bed.

(My friend Jimbro has just informed me that this article is one long, rambling jerk off that is of no interest to anyone but myself. Oh, I



Innis Bursaries

Bursaries are grants which you are not required to repay. They are designed to assist students of Innis College who have explored all other avenues of financial assistance (e.g. work, family support, OSAP) and still have financial need. Bursaries should be seen as a source of help in covering MODEST, and often UNEXPECTED shortfalls of income over expenses rather than as a principal source of revenue. The primary source of income for students MUST be their own earnings, family contributions and whatever aid they are entitled to through the Ontario Student Assistance Program (OSAP) or the aid programs of the other provinces or territories. If this bursary applies to you and you are interested please complete an application and see Adele Arnold in the Registrar's Office.

The Marionette

by ASH

I can give no answer
to alleviate your confusion
I am played the role for you
subliminal partner
lover
my wrists snap with blood
where you have driven nails in
with nails
I bring from your fingers
dancing

What's My Name?

Ash

My name is Angela Auchie Caunce, a newcomer to Innis and a newcomer to the Herald. I would just like to mention at this point that this article is entirely about myself, as I feel that if I am to write opinion articles, you readers must first know a little about me. This article does have a theme (I won't say a point) so don't stop reading because I've given you the impression that it is going to begin with "I'll start way back in 1971..." You can see if you look back at the top of the article it does not start that way at all. This opinion/introduction piece is about nicknames, but mostly how they pertain to myself...

To begin, let us first clarify my given name (the name received at birth to which I had no opportunity to complain about). I usually go by "Angie", throwing a little tenderness into a long three syllable name. My middle, Auchie, (I repeat so this time you do not have to look back) is not pronounced like Edith Bunker pronounces "Archie" in *All In the Family*. To spell it phonetically is difficult but the closest rendition would be "awhee", except to say it correctly you have to have a lot of spit in the back of your throat. The "Caunce" is simply pronounced as in Genghis Khan but with some s's on the end. I go through this just in case the general populace insists on using my real name so they can at least know what it is and how to say it.

With that out of the way, may I just mention that in my first few days at Innis, I was shocked to realize that everyone seemed to have a nickname. I was shocked still further to realize that there was not one, but many Angela's at this college. Coming from a small alternative school in Scarborough, this was a new situation for me. The "which one?" syndrome has never graced my name with its presence before. Besides, truth be known, just between us, I have always wanted a nickname.

How does one acquire a nickname? I have learned that it is a tricky business as it is very difficult to nickname yourself and to make it hold. The task is one that you cannot perform yourself and so the fate of what you answer to is thrown into the hands of any peahed (bad) or genius (good) who decides to make the job his/her own. For example, I went through a couple of years in high school being called "Angieman", because of some asshole cretin at my school who insisted on sticking in the irritating word wherever it would fit, e.g. "Angie, man, when are we going?", and thus the name was founded.

This time I got lucky. All genius (as opposed to the former peahed) credit goes to Glen when he decided to call me "Ash". With nicknames floating around like "Roach", "Scooter", "Sparky", and the almost too cool "Blitz", how was I ever to find a name that differentiated me from the plethora of other Angela's? I thought of just sticking to "Angie" in hopes that the others went by "Angela" or "Ang" but even "Angie" grows tiresome because there is always that one guy who insists upon serenading me with his best Mick Jagger impersonation. To the college's credit, this has not happened thus far and so I suppose the point is moot, but then I must consider the validity of my other points and I must wonder if

there really is a point at all. But I digress.

The main problem is that I like change and, dammit, twenty years is just too long to have the same name. Upon first coming to Innis, I contemplated saying a different name to every new person I met, just to throw a little spice into my mundane existence. I realized, however, that this would only cause mass confusion and no one would ever know who the hell I was.

The only setback once the nickname was given was that people started calling me "Ashley" (Ack!), so that was when I brought it back to its original intentions by extending it to "Ashes". I find the name fitting as I am a smoker. I have been for quite a while. Sometimes I am a joker but the rest of the song does not apply so let us just leave it at that. I also find it fitting as I am not afraid to sink my hands into the decaying muck of our smoldering society. On the pretentious scale, I rate that a nine.

So hello, good to know you. Thank-you for spending your valuable time reading this. If you want to know who I am, just ask for "Ash" and look for the girl with the dyed shoulder-length red hair. I wear only black so I'm easy to spot in a light crowd.

What's in a Name?

Amber Golem

Well, those university days are here again. This year (especially in the first few months) you'll be meeting literally hundreds of new faces and learning hundreds of new names. Romeo once mused that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet" — and you can bet that anyone you meet named Rose has had that line quoted to her a thousand times.

You see, I have a beef. In case you didn't read the byline, my name is Amber. As in the colour. As in the jewel. As in the beer. As in the street light, the porn star Amber Lynn, and the famous novel *Forever Amber*. Trust me, after two decades of living with this name, I've heard them all — and I'm sick of it.

Don't get me wrong. I love the name Amber. (After all I could have been a Jennifer), and I'm flattered when people tell me I have a beautiful name (not that I take any credit for it, but I periodically pass along the compliment to my parents). I just can't tolerate any more goofy comments about it. I spent my summer working at a job that required me to wear a name tag. There was at least three comments I was guaranteed to hear daily;

1. "Thanks Amber — you're such a jewel." (snicker, snort.)

2. "Oh Amber, I had one of

you at the bar the other night." (nudge, nudge.)

3. "Is your last name 'Lynn', by any chance?" (nudge, nudge, wink, wink.)

Exaggerating? I wish. The fact is that most people with exotic or even remotely unusual names are subjected to a barrage of jokes, comments, or "witty" remarks for their whole lives. My old boyfriend's name is Bernard, and yes, he's heard every faithful dog joke in the world. My highschool best friend was named Morag, and she's been called "more eggs" (among other things) for as long as I've known her. Or how about my friends Heidi (like the girl with braids in the Swiss Alps), Robyn, (like the bird), or Hayley, (like the comet).

And it gets worse. Some people — like me — are also blessed with a weird last name. In my case, it's Golem — like the Gollum in the Tolkien books, like the gargyle, like the creature in Yiddish folklore. I have a friend whose last name is Eastwood, and of course his friends

call him Clint. Another friend has the last name of Carey — and if you think Master Bates is funny, try living with Miss Carey for a week or two. Some of my other friends have to live with Watson (as in elementary, my dear), Macdonald (as in no relation to Ronald), or Hussein (as in Saddam).

Maybe if you're a Dave Smith or a Lisa Chan and you're reading this article you don't care. You don't think it's such a big deal. But for all of you out there who have names like mine and wish you could sometimes just tell people to shut up, I'm doing it for you. I'll say it in a nicer way, however; follow Thumper's advice. If you can't say something nice don't say anything at all. For the majority, we didn't choose our names — they were chosen for us by well intentioned but often short-sighted parents. When that witty comment is on the tip of your tongue, swallow hard, count to ten, and remember one thing: I've heard it before. It was only funny the first time.

COLLEGE STUDENT

CINSSU Update

The Cinema Studies Students' Union (CINSSU) was first formed in 1989 to address the growing academic and social needs of cinema students. Today, the objectives of the CINSSU have remained unchanged, as we continue to organize social events that reflect the aesthetic nature of film, as well as counsel students on any academic concerns they may have. This year, both the selection of a new executive and the increase in funding from outside organizations, bring the promises of new ideas that will enhance the experience of film students alike. We encourage any students interested in film to become involved in all aspects of the union. The office of the CINSSU is located in room 307 at Innis College, with a schedule of office hours posted on the door. Our phone number, which we share with Amnesty International, is 978-7434.

As there were many intangibles involved with our social events, we can only reveal the details of the next upcoming event at this time. Details of our other social functions will be announced at a future date.

Next Events:

Innis College Student Society Update

By the time you read this College Council elections will have been held, classes are really under way and orientation seems like years ago. Never fear, the ICSS has been busy planning and coming up with ways to help you procrastinate your studying. If we have not found some way to distract you from you, then come and help us. We need your ideas to come up with new and interesting activities. (How about a bridge round robin?)

The whole ICSS meets every four weeks. The next ICSS meeting will be on October 10. This will not be a usual meeting as the budget will be the main item on the agenda. This will be a more important meeting than you may realize as it is your student fees we will be discussing. We will be dividing up the funds into clubs, sports, social events, farm trips, the film society, the Innis Herald and much more.

Sports Highlights

Athletics at Innis have always been successful. This year is no exception. Our Ultimate Frisbee team made it into the finals on September 21. After a gruelling day against all of the other colleges and faculties, our fearless frisbee throwers made it to the finals. Our defeat came in the final moments against a much seasoned UC team. Wait till we meet up with them in Flag Football!!

Football... who cares about Football? Well, the nerve of the Varsity Blues to hold a game on the same night as the Innis/Meds Rugby match against SMC. Obviously the pressure of getting to the Blues game was too much for our boys in the SCRUM... yes, we did lose to SMC, but at least we gave it a good try...



NAME JOKES: ONLY FUNNY ONCE.



BACK PAGE

| INNIS FILM WINTER 1991 — inn of icy elitisms

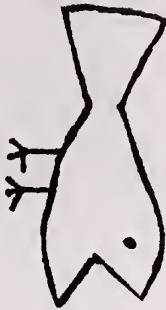
34	Drayer	Thursday	September 19	7:00 pm	live	100
	Callaghan/Henner	Thursday	September 26	7:00 pm	live	10.00
	Chambers X 6	Thursday	October 3	7:00 pm	live	600
	Oberhausen/Winter	Thursday	October 10	7:00 pm	live	10.00
	Wagner	Thursday	October 17	7:00 pm	cinestyle	11.00
	Brund Elder I	Friday	October 18	9:30 pm	nfb	14.00
	Carl Brown I	Saturday	October 19	7:30 pm	nfb	14.00
	Carl Brown II	Saturday	October 19	9:30 pm	nfb	14.00
	Carl Brown III	Thursday	October 24	7:00 pm	cinestyle	10.00
	Richard Kay	Thursday	October 31	7:00 pm	cinestyle	10.00
	Jerome Hill	Thursday	November 7	7:00 pm	live	10.00
	John Plachet	Thursday	November 14	7:00 pm	cinestyle	10.00
	Michael Snow	Friday	November 21	7:00 pm	live	10.00
	Brund Elder II	Sunday	November 24	8:30 pm	nfb	14.00
	Dodge Vinton	Friday	November 28	7:00 pm	ago	10.00
	Dodge Vinton II	Friday	November 29	7:00 pm	ago	10.00
	Dodge Vinton III	Saturday	November 30	7:00 pm	ago	10.00
	Carl McDowell	Sunday	December 1	7:00 pm	ago	10.00
	Frampton X 6	Thursday	December 5	7:00 pm	live	10.00

THE TINDERBOX

C L U B

UoIt's SHOWCASE OF ALTERNATIVE AND FOLK MUSIC
ARBOR ROOM - 9:00 PM - NO COVER

- | | |
|---------|--|
| Sept 12 | SHADOWY MEN ON A SHADOWY PLANET
10.9.9.3.1 - "Wanted - Myriad film and 10% music from the other side of the planet" |
| Sept 19 | SKAFKA
Shakespearean musical events in the Aylesbury Rooms with the top 8 members based (combined on OFFY?) |
| Sept 26 | OPEN STAGE - FOLK & POETRY
A festival of an unknown number of contemporary folk artists and poets. |
| Oct 3 | MERYN CADELL
The Tynesford Club is proud to present Maryn Cadeell, Canada's answer to Lauren Anderson - have her bring the summer party! |
| Oct 10 | COURAGE OF LASSIE
One of T.O.'s best groups - C.O.L. explores the joys and sorrows of life and love through their beautiful, timely, uplifting music - you're sure to be moved! |
| Oct 17 | PARADE
A multimedia band based with the local underground theatre talent - numerous musicals with music and lyrics written by the band. |
| Oct 24 | OPEN STAGE - THEME T.B.A.
A night of folk music information shared using up to 10 future open stages. Video/film or musical artists who demand to play in. |
| Nov 7 | PURE
The local band with the most loyal, biggest following - Public Enemy Music's Ministry music Department's Music Ministry. |
| Nov 14 | T.B.A. |
| Nov 21 | HARBORD TRIO
Anatomical anatomy and Shaggy's wonderful! Come meet with original instrumental and jazz musicians - featured from Canada's top musicians, including Dan Rios - prominent international. |
| Nov 28 | OPEN STAGE - THEME T.B.A.
Oct 31-1013 to open up for future Open Stages - film, video or musical artists are encouraged to |



Election Results

The following people have been elected to Innle College Council:

Carrie Craig
Angela Dorris
Manavi Handa
Philip Howard
Trea MacPherson
Andrew Melim
George Ojambo
Jennifer Reid
Joey Schwartz
Alex Thomson
Jean Vesik
Holman Wang
Jack Wang



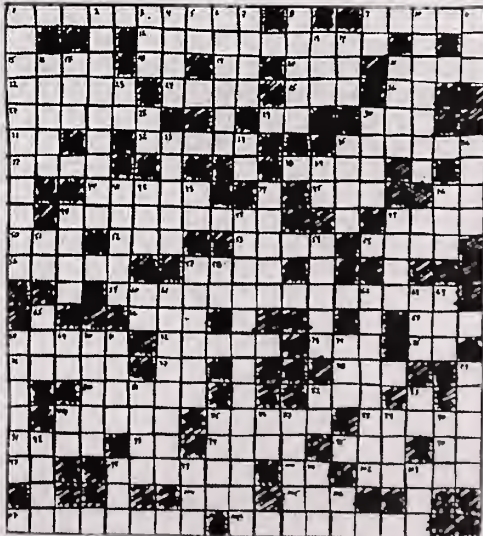
CRUZA DE PALABRAS!
ACROSS

1. It occurs in most booths
9. One ought not to wear it with stripes
12. It keeps down the pounds but kills your brain cells
15. Great lake
18. Half the width of so on
19. Great golfer's monogram
20. See 13 down
21. Forcudds the popl
22. Turner's best friend
24. The princess that looks like a horse
25. See 13 down
26. Gehriol LP
27. What you eat in Tinjwasa, according to Wall of Voodoo
29. The other half of Rehab Neds (with 9 down)
30. Where most war news comes from
31. Compas direction
32. Where the stars ski
35. Latex
37. Before a cester
38. Part of a sailboat that comes about
40. Carla's dead husband
45. Holt president
46. Where you come to from the cold
47. A meal at Tiffany's
49. Ours is red and white
50. Anger
52. Agreement in Glasgow
53. Eat stew hot and gooey with milk poured on top in the morning
55. Strategy
56. Geddinti got one in the foot the other day
57. Financially challenged
59. Where the outlope play
66. What Fat Albert had his horse three of
67. Fred McCrill's ex J25
68. She said, "I'll get you, my pretty!"
72. Where Cathy and Reschcliffe live
73. Type of 47 down
75. Charlotte's Web's White
76. What it is when the moon hits your eye like a big piece of pie
77. Iron Lady's monogram
78. Sphere
80. Pink dish
82. Countersteer
84. Religion
85. Poppy's hahr
88. Mysterious short being
91. Turmieses
93. What you pay into every month but feel too guilty to collect for yourself

- 94. Cassidy, to pale
- 95. Peter Parker's claim to fame
- 96. Tsou's monogren
- 97. Ractroiting Officer
- 98. Your sons phonetically?
- 100. On Barthies' both towels
- 102. Shart and _____
- 104. Emplay
- 105. Nork
- 108. The motion of sex
- 109. The study of flow and deformation

DOWN

1. What the studeent computers are at Inoia
2. Seay Jays' outfielder
3. Rx
4. Cherlie, for eeample
5. Morticie's cousin
6. "_____ you gled I dido't say bazana?"
8. Week chirp



9. Half of Seab Meets (with 29 acres)
10. A.I.B.S is cast; O.B.I.F. another
11. "Don't --- me, mate?" (hip hop talk)
12. With 14 hand, 20 across and 25 across you could have a yummy high cholesterol breakfast
14. See 13 down
16. Kwajit
17. Awit
21. Either it is or it ____
26. HM is the answer
28. Where Brian (born 88 921010) went on a recent episode
30. It's in Poetzie's back pocket
33. Volleyball play
34. What no wees
35. The time of day it probably is if you have no shadow and you're standing on the equator
36. Yaka O.J.
39. This ____ that
41. One angel you wouldn't want to meet in a dark alley
42. The time between sunrise and sunset
43. Female Jazz singer's monogram
44. What to do at the beginning
46. Jetrua Tull's flautist
47. La Balsa's ___ is better one
48. Is a few days or is a few months
49. Author O'Connor loc short
51. Impersonator's monogram
54. Princess of Jower
57. Nile E.'s drug addict brother
58. Big Moose's tree number
60. Exclamation
61. Jejeejee... "Jappa pi baby's got the diarrhoea"
62. A.E. A.
63. Secretive willows that Americans make you take if you want to attend their watercaities
64. ____ and flew
65. Tioy gay
66. One who waterboats
69. Where you are (unless you're gone away for the weekend and close this paper with you)
70. Without reliefment
71. What a date with Brian Looehoa could be
74. Gas in Australia
79. Like a dragon or Tootsiano
81. Ancient regions of Eastern Europe
82. Kriat
83. "K-I-B-____"
84. What the Gas looks after
85. Exotic waste area
86. Year to Jelusa
89. On the _____ (about to) -
90. Magic and Michael's girl
90. I Me. maybe
92. Laora or Toronto or a toaster
98. Sutteler's crib
99. Sook
101. 8:11 of Vogli's Buddy
103. Ouelere
104. 71 dewm's monogram

